THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE DOG LAW.

The edict has gone forth—the ban is published—every dog in our city, from

Petted Tray
To Growler grey,

Caught running at large, must pay the penalty with his life. Nor is this all—a premium of a dollar a head is offered by the worthy functionaries of our city department, to him who shall inflict this penalty. Thus a direct inducement is held out to every dog-killer to perfect himself in the trade of blood. We protest against this municipal enactment—we do so because we believe it is cruel, unjust, and ungenerous in its operation—because we believe that more evil than good, more danger than safety will flow from it.

Against whom and for what is this law passed? Is it against an animal mischievous and destructive in its habits? one that annoys us by its secret attacks, or terrifies us by its open approach? No—the dog is the companion, the friend, the protector of man; not his enemy. Is, then, this sanguinary code established for the extermination of an idle, useless and unprofitable race of creatures? Some there are, who would fain persuade us that of such a race is the dog—that because his services cannot, in every instance, be employed in a direct and profitable business, they are, forsooth, of little or no value—that because he is not chained to a car or incarcerated in a tread-mill, to grind out dollars and sixpences for his master, he is an unprofitable servant—a sorry dog. With such ultra-utilitarians, it is in vain to reason—*they* would dig up the graves of their fathers and drag forth their very bones to turn them to some profitable account—*they* would destroy all the beauties of nature—level the trees under the shade of *which* they had played in childhood—drain the lake where they had passed many a happy hour, if they could thereby realize any gain.

But is the dog really so useless an animal? ask the sportsman whom he accompanies to the field—inquire of the merchant who turns the key upon his ware-house, in which is left no other guardian of his property than a dog. Put the question again to some traveller escaped from a midnight assault, solely by the exertions of a dog. Repeat the inquiry when and where you will, and we greatly mistake if it result not in a noble vindication of this noble animal from the charge thus preferred against him.

For what reason is it, then, that this law has been passed? "Dogs," say our public authorities, "are liable in summer to run mad—and thereby to become dangerous to the community. Instances have occurred, and will again occur, of death by the bite of a dog laboring under this malady—to guard against this evil, therefore," say the city functionaries, "we decree that all dogs be exterminated by death. We reverse that antiquated notion, better that ninety-nine guilty persons go clear, than that one innocent man suffer punishment, and declare it as our opinion that dogs are entitled to no such lenity of the law."

We feel as much dread of the hydrophobia as any one—as much, possibly, as the fathers of this law themselves—our sympathies are as deep as theirs for those suffering under this horrible calamity, and we have as great a desire to see it effectually guarded against, and prevented. If no other method to effect this can be devised but the present, then we will raise our hand to carry it into execution—if some other way can be proposed by which our danger may be removed without such a sacrifice of life, we shall heartily support it. That such a way exists—that means perfectly adequate to the end may be discovered, there can be little room to doubt. Let, for instance, a large fine be imposed upon, and rigidly exacted of, every owner of a dog, which is suffered to be in the street unmuzzled—let some public place be provided for such dogs as are found running at large, and let them be kennelled or killed upon the first symptoms of rabidness. We do not say that this is exactly such a plan as will effect the object—but some such method might easily be adopted, which would not be attended with the gross evils of the existing system.

Do you ask what these evils are? We reply, go into our streets and witness the scenes daily exhibited there—scenes of cruelty, of savage barbarity—of fiend-like malignity. You will see that noble animal whose character we have attempted to defend, hunted down by troops of boys—aye, and of men, too—beaten with sticks and pelted with stones, till death at last comes to his relief. If he escape from these perpetual assaults, is it not to be feared, that, driven to desperation, he may become the subject of that very disease for which his persecutors feel so great a dread? We cannot look upon these scenes unmoved—we are shocked at their barbarity—we would not have believed so many could have been found to participate in them—to vie in this work of death and destruction. But so it is—the floodgates are opened, and the worst passions of the human breast have rushed in to overwhelm us—to stop, we know not where—to cease, we know not when. D.

A QUANDARY. A few summers ago, some Irish ditchers had taken refuge in a house during a severe lightening storm, when by a sudden flash the whole company were struck senseless upon the floor. At length beginning slowly to recover, said the first to the one next to him.

"Can you pray?"

"Faith! I cant, at all, at all. I have lost my facilities."

The half-stunned laborer meant his faculties. The question was then put to his neighbor.

"Can you pray, Patrick?"

"Och! an I would if I could—but I cant do it grammatically."

"Well can you, Teddy?"

"No not a bit! I never was distracted."

"Instructed! Teddy, arrah! I should think now it would come to you in the natural way. Come, you pray, Mick?"

"No!"

"Well something must be done, and that pretty quick!" D.

Lines in an Album, the leaves of which were of colored paper.

The leaves of thy Album they're varied in hue,
Here's the pink and the green, the brown and the blue,
For each and for all, who their thoughts would indite,
Here's a color to suit their fantasies right.

For the lively and gay, with his smart jeu d'esprit,
Whose wit is so sparkling, though no *spark* may he be,
Here's a page quite as bright as his flashes of wit,
For that may be *red*, this *read* not a bit.

The poet who sighs for the wild solitude
And wanders through town in lacka*daisy*cal mood,
May rusticate here in bowers of *green*,
And pastorals write to his own fairy queen.

The sober old bachelor whose coat is of drab,
Whose study is brown, and brown is whose cab,
If from his brown study his mind should be free,
A *brown* resting place in this book might he see.

Here's a color to match hers whose stocking is *blue*,
And his who's a prey to imps of same hue,
Here both may indite their maxims most sage,
And practice economy by employing one *page*.

Here's a pink-colored paper, as fresh as the rose,
Where, lady, thy votaries each may depose,
They may swear that of all the fair flowers of May,
None are sweeter and fairer than this simple bouquet.

So each and so all shall find a leaf here,
To indite his odd whims, be they ever so queer—
And last, but not least, here is a page all of white,
Where I'll write myself down a
SORROWFUL KNIGHT.

An excellent rule for living happy in society is, never to concern one's self with the affairs of others, unless they wish for or desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often show more curiosity than affection.

For The Constellation.

TO ———.

Upon thee, lady, may the sweet
And holy influences of heaven descend,
And flowers of richest perfume bend
Beneath thy feet!

The angel, peace, with sheltering wing
Above thy pathway, like a shadow, rest,
And ever to thy pure, unruffled breast
Her calmness bring.

May joy weave garlands for thy brow,
And cull choice buds to cluster in thy hair,
And keep the lustre of thy smile as fair
And bright as now.

Thoughts, clear and mild as stars that gaze
From the dim azure of the twilight hour,
Shed down into thy heart their softest power,
Their heavenly rays.

May all things beautiful surround
Thy form so fraught with loveliness and grace,
And pure content in thy expressive face,
Be ever found.

Dear Lady, with the hopes I send
To hover o'er thee, like spring-welcomed birds
Rich blessings in the tones of these frail words,
I freely blend.

Be ever as thou hast been,—bright,
Serene as heaven, untainted as the air,
That burdened is with some low-whispered prayer,
When broods the night.

Then will mild peace and joy, like flowers,
And holy thoughts and feelings most divine,
For thee, in undimmed beauty, sweetly shine
On life's fair bowers! B.

For the Constellation.

SONNET.

ON THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

Sound the loud trump—let deafening cannons roar,
The Russian legions fly the bloody field,
The Poles triumphant bravely onward pour,
And Russian hosts to Polish squadrons yield—
Behold the wild Cossacks, trembling, flying,
Pursued by Freedom's warriors strong,
Listen—'tis the groans of Russians, dying,
Amid the conquering Patriots' song.
Then sound the trump—your joyful voices raise,
Poland once more from Russian bands is free,
They fight for Freedom—and 'gainst tyranny—
Poland! thy wrongs the magic muse shall trace,
Thy gallant deeds shall fire a future race.

New-York, June 1831. J. H. S.

For the Constellation.

MEDICAL MANSION.

While we almost daily find presented to us new places of public resort for pleasure and amusement for those who enjoy the comforts of health, we have at last a mansion provided for the sick. This long and much needed institution has been got up by one of our enterprising and highly respectable citizens Jacob Lorilard, *Esq.* He has fitted up a large, commodious and airy building on the site of the old state Prison, on the borders of the Hudson, under the name of *Medical Mansion.*—It is intended principally, if not altogether, for sick strangers who heretofore have been but ill provided for. Among the thousands continually visiting our city, there are many who are so unfortunate as to be taken sick at some of our expensive boarding houses, or no less extravagant hotels, where they find but miserable attendance, and are looked upon as a nuisance and a burthen to the house; and to close the scene, are presented with an enormous bill which from delicacy, and perhaps a little gratitude they are induced to pay without murmuring. Now he can fare better! he may resort to the above institution, where he will find all necessary accomodations—an airy, pleasant room, kind and experienced nurses, and whatever physician he may prefer. In fact there is nothing wanting, but his home and his kindred to render his bed of sickness as comfortable as it well can be. The superintendant assures us that no exertions shall be spared to render the *Medical Mansion* worthy the confidence of the public. We hope the worthy and indefatigable proprietor will receive the compensation due to so noble and praiseworthy enterprise. And it is to be hoped our medical men will no longer suffer their stranger patients to lie and suffer for want of suitable rooms and attendance in their boarding houses, when they can be so well and amply provided for at the above *Institution.* ALPHA.

From the Connecticut Journal.

HOW TO KEEP WARM IN WARM WEATHER.

I have observed some of my friends during the recent period of warm weather putting forth strenuous efforts for some object or other. From the result, (which was intense heat,) and the zeal with which they used the means of obtaining it, I inferred that their aim was to *become and keep warm.* Wishing that others may not lose any thing by misdirected effort, I send you the following rules as the result of much experience.

1. Be in earnest to ascertain whether any given day is so warm as to demand usual exertion. Pry into the heat, as boys do into a bee's nest and fight it, if you would feel it.

2. Complain of the heat, throw off your coat, drink early and frequently, for repeated draughts enhance the suffering, and as some suppose, water less than enough to quench a fire, feeds the flame. Drinking, especially before dinner, will occasion a profuse perspiration, which will occasion thirst, which will be an occasion for drinking more freely, which will occasion increased perspiration, which will render you uneasy and irritable, which will render you extremely sensitive to the heat, and abundantly warm, as by supposition you aimed to be.

3. Or if you will try further means, take appropriate exercise. Go about from chair, to chair, from window to window, from room to room, to find the *coolest place* sit and recline alternately to ascertain the most comfortable posture, (and this repeatedly,) take a book and lay it aside, try to sleep, next to keep awake, change your employment frequently, find fault with no matter what, become dissatisfied with every thing.

4. If now you have began to suffer, take a *fan.* Handicraft is remarkably adapted to the end proposed. After begining to use this *calorimoter dont lay it aside long, lest you cool down* by nature's help. If dependent for the article in question, think how tedious it is to wait, measure the degree of your lassitude, dispute on the relative heat of to day and yesterday, this, and the last season attest the weather to be tolerably oppressive, describe it by the strongest superlative you can muster, eat a hearty dinner, inquire how the thermometer stands, toil yet more deligently with the fan. Labor omnia vincit. "Industry will make you warm."

5. When you retire, *take pains* not to spend the night as miserably as you have the day. Leave your window raised, remember the musquitoes, rise and close it; toss from side to side; if you lie still, you may become cool or fall asleep; rise again and open the window, scratch whatever itches, wish for frosty nights, and you shall be restless.

6. We have in general more leisure to throw away comforts on Sunday than usual. Put on a new dress fashionably tight, think how hot it will be in church, drink a good deal of cold water before going thither, guess whether or no the preacher will have a long sermon, hope it won't be metaphysical. In church be a little out of humor with your neighbor's children, wish you might throw off your coat, take the easiest allowable position; *above all, close the pew door*; for if it is open—the air will circulate and you will perceptibly cooler; now ply the fan vigorously, the effects will be immediate; kindle your mind to such a flame of impatience, that you can resolve not to go to church again, and you shall know a text—not the clergyman's but your own,—"Tis a hot day."

Those rules of exciting heat by eating, drinking, exercise, fashionable dresses, confined air, strenuous endeavors to keep cool, impatience, etc. will I trust be adequate to the wants of both sexes. The arey specifically applied to gentlemen. If the ladies complain of neglect, and desire more minute directions, they may be easily furnished from the resourses of COMMON SENSE.

Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, a lineal decendant of John Winthrop, first Governor in Massachusetts, Chief Magistrate in 1631, is now in 1831, after a lapse of two even centuries, Lieutenant Governor of the State. This is a most remarkable occurrence in the history of a State. Nor is this all, at this very period, the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, a lineal descendant of Sir Richard Salonstall, who accompanied Gov. Winthrop over to this country more than 200 years ago, and who was one of the most distinguished of the early settlers, is at this period President of our Senate. *Boston Paper*

MISCELLANY.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE CAVERN OF DEATH:

A FRONTIER LEGEND.

Many instances of desperate courage and almost incredible deeds of the Western Pioneers, have sunk unrecorded and unsung with the heroic and daring actors in the wonderful drama at the west; yet many of these chronicles are still remaining full of thrilling interest, and when related by the grey-haired veteran of the wilderness, to the close-drawn circle of youthful auditors, they inspire such feelings as are alone conceived, when the unclouded skies of youth are tinged with the promise of the "golden day." Happy, blessed days of sympathy!—of unalloyed sensibility! Then could we give a tear to the memory of an unfortunate victim; and when the blinding film would gather in our eyes, unrestrained by falsehearted pride, we poured forth tributes from the fountain of life, as benisons to the shades of the unfortunate. And when the close lock of commingled foes has been described, and that death-grapple, which the life key of the heart alone can loosen, how have I seen the fresh current of morning's spring coursing the swelling veins of the listening youths, while the spirit of their fathers darted an unnatural fire from the eye, and the hot blood of passion tinged their cheeks, as though the savage foe was before them.

It was from one of these venerable men that I received this simple narrative. I shall relate it in his own language. The narrator, though his snow white locks told of the frosty atmosphere which sixty winters had breathed round him, still possessed most of his faculties unimpaired; and when describing scenes in which he had borne a part, he seemed again to put on the vigor of youth, and as memory's lines were retraced, to forget that his vaunted days had flown. He thus commenced:—

You remember I have often mentioned Jem Brown—he was my companion in all hunting excursions. He had resided longer on the Kentucky borders than myself, and was as active as a panther. He had often eluded the Indians by giving them what he called "a fair race for it;" and he was as much superior to the mass of settlers in activity and strength, as he was in the trueness of his aim. I know not what it was that attached Jem to me, for in muscle or vigor I was greatly his inferior; but so it was, by that unaccountable impulse which often causes us to form friendships, without being able to assign a reason for it, we were inseparable. Jem was a little fiery and headstrong, and would often have plunged in the midst of a hundred yelling devils, had I not restrained him: at such times, Jem's passions knew no bounds: he would strive to shake me off, call me coward and every opprobrious epithet: but the next moment his reason would inform him better: he would then shake my hand, with "Egad! you're right, Tom—you're jist the water to temper the fire." If we were encircled by an ambushed foe, Jem's first salutation would be, "Tom, give us your hand—we'll show them who they're stopping;" but when I would suggest some stratagem for escape, he would yield implicit obedience; and when we were safe from the clutch of the savages, he would swear that "Tom was the real fox to creep through an Indian fence."

Jem's parents had a snug cabin, and his younger brothers assisted to till a portion of land, sufficient for the family; but no inducement could get Jem to put his hand to a plough; "Not I," was his answer, "so long as flint and steel will strike fire: if you're tired of deer, I'll give you a turkey; and who'll want a blanket while there's a plenty of buffalo!"

Jem's sister was called the "Forest Rose," and well did she deserve her romantic name, for the light on her lovely cheeks (to use Jem's own words,) "glowed like the peach trees in full bloom." You need not fancy to yourself a maiden of the present day, enveloped in the silks of France or India; the feathers of Arabia; and all the paraphernalia of modern millinery; but a woman, adorned by the hand of nature, with all the attributes that render her worthy of her destiny. Health was marked on her cheek, contentment on her brow, joy in her sunny eye, and happiness in every action; her tresses unconfined, her form undistorted from its natural symmetry; and her bland and native courtesy, unshackled by the rules of etiquette: such was Maria, and I need not tell you, that, had all the charms of person which she possessed, been wanting, her amiable disposition would have riveted her chains upon me as powerfully as all combined. "She's a rare girl, Tom," was Jem's remark, at the same time almost oversetting me with a chug of his powerful arm; "none of your monosyllables now, man: come out of the bushes, and show your face—you're no Indian, to be lying in ambush; you don't come to me every day for nothing, when I should have to pass your way to the place where the buffalo feed. There now, that's enough—you needn't deny it—I know it all myself; in fact she did not deny it when I jeered her about you: I told her you'd leave her to shift for herself, if a wolf howled, or an Indian raised his head from the ground: but the cunning jade asked, who saved Jem Cribs' children, when the savages were burning the house over their heads?—and who got me out of the garland of red faces when I thought to make fifty men take to their scrapers? Ah! Tom, it's all fixed, I see." This was my salutation on the morning when we were to set out on a "grand hunt."

We left the settlement—all were in high spirits, and fearless of danger except myself; the Indians that had long been prowling round the settlement, had been seen twenty miles north, by a hunter, who reported that he narrowly escaped capture.

I did not like the fellow's tale, for I had formed a bad opinion of him. He lived at a distance from the stock-house, and many wondered why the savages had respected his person; and once a benighted hunter was refused admittance into his dwelling, when many moccason tracks were on the snow at his door. But as Mike came regularly to the settlement for ammunition, &c., no body thought much of it; nor did they see any harm in his seeking the good will of the savages, if he could. I, however, had my wits sharpened by a circumstance that occurred at Jem's house: the fellow had taken a fancy to Maria, and that's all game made for him; but when he was told by Jem that Maria chose somebody that showed a better looking face than his, his tiger wrinkled chops, his eyes glared with fury, and though he strove to conceal his anger, I saw that the wild cat only waited, to make his spring more fatally sure.

However, as everyone credited his story, I determined to say nothing, as my reasoning might not be so conclusive to others less prejudiced than myself. We passed his hut, and when he wished us good success, he was requested to accompany us. He said he had been out three days, killed nothing, and was too much out of spirits to try again so soon! This confirmed my suspicions, and I imparted them to Jem; he laughed at me, but replied that he would excuse me to the party, if I wished to stay with my sweetheart: finding that he would not be convinced, I determined to remain alone, and brave the contempt of the hunters, rather than risk so much, as I was now fixed in my apprehensions.

On the second day after their departure, I sauntered out with my gun; and after roving some time without getting a shot, I made a circuit to return. When opposite a small clump of black-brier, I was startled from my musings by a rustling noise in the bushes.—Supposing it a deer, I brought my rifle to my shoulder—my finger was on the trigger—but from behind a log in range with the sight of my piece, an Indian's painted face was raised, and instantly disappeared: had I not have been so unexpectedly startled, he would certainly have received a dear tribute to his curiosity. I had not a moment to reflect: there were, no doubt, more than one or even two, and if I succeeded in shooting him, the firing would be aroused by the report:—there was not time for much reflection, for I was in expectation of a tomahawk: an idea suddenly occurred—knocking the flint from the lock. I rested my rifle against a tree, then walked off some distance, and stooped as if to drink from a small rill. With a stealthy pace, an Indian now crept from his hiding place towards the rifle; when within reach of it he sprang forward, and almost instantly levelled it at me—but no fire followed the snap. I raised to look at him; he set it down with an incredulous shake of his head—his striped arm was raised—and the next instant his hatchet sunk deep in the tree from which I sprang. With one wild yell he rushed forward. I was before him with no weapon but a hunter's clasp-knife. A few hundred yards before me was a precipice, which I had not noticed, and either my flying steps were fast leading me. As the Indian passed the tree, with singular dexterity he disengaged his tomahawk and pressed on—I heard his steps on the rustling leaves—his exulting scream was borne to my ears—I fancied his breath was warm on my cheek. The precipice already presented its awful guilt—there was no alternative—another step, if my grasp failed me, I should lie mangled on its craggy points: on the very brink of the abyss I seized a small tree; and, as I foresaw, the force I had acquired swung me completely round: that instant the Indian's tomahawk scathed the bark of the tree—and he, with my knife in his breast, was hurled down further than my eye could pierce the gloom. His descent was alone marked by the blood trickling from the rocks.

You may imagine the nature of my forebodings as I hurried homeward: I hoped, however, to be in time to spread the alarm. I must pass over the recital of my feelings, on reaching a hill that overlooked the humble village. Language has no expressions strong enough to convey an adequate description of the excruciating agony that lacerates the heart, when we behold severed forever, the sacred ties that bind us to community—that reconcile us to existence. But from that hour, earth had no greater pangs than I realized.

The cabins were all in flames, and the imps were rejoicing over their demoniac devastation, and forcing back all who endeavored to escape from the burning dwellings. I hastened to the log house; it was nearly consumed; I concealed myself in a brush heap and watched their movements: a shriek almost escaped me, when I beheld the villain Mike, his countenance marked and distorted with rage, contending with a young Indian for his prize.—Yes—without rushing in madly to the rescue, I beheld the monster bear away the dearest being that now claimed affinity to myself. I have often wondered since, how I mastered my feelings at that time, so as to prevent my throwing away life, in the overpowering impulse of revenge; but, the knowledge that there was one, who now called for all the skill of which I had gained the credit, seemed to move me to abide the issue. The savages, after destroying every thing which bore the impress of civilization, took their departure. I calculated them at about two hundred, and Mike evidently was the demon spirit of the gang. Carefully I avoided notice—and when they took up the line of march, my resolution was formed. They took a northwardly course, and I followed their path, keeping as close as possible, consistent with safety, while at night I was constantly on the watch to take advantage of any neglect. They were, however, so wary and vigilant that I began to despair; but having marked the direction on the trees as we passed, my greatest hope now rested on the hunters, knowing they would be worked up to desperation on their return.

There were six prisoners, pinioned two by two, besides Maria, who was left in the charge of Mike. No opportunities were neglected to separate them from the main body; but he kept always close at the heels of the rest: and at night the young chief Okonara insisted on her sleeping under the boughs he caused to be cut for her. I saw all their manœuvres, and the chieftain's care led me to admire the native courtesy that prompted a savage to respect the female character; and had that Indian stood alone between me and the prisoners, I almost doubted if I possessed the nerve to drive the steel to his generous breast. From observation of the gestures of the Indians, I concluded they were making their way for the "*Cavern of Death*," a name the settlers had appropriated to a cave, from the many bloody deeds there perpetrated. Here the Indians were accustomed to resort after a successful excursion, to torture and sacrifice their victims. I could never learn whether this was in accordance with their belief, that it was the abode of the good or evil spirit; but certain was the report, that the shriek of the stake-bound captive was heard to issue from its mouth whenever a party returned in triumph from their predatory incursions. I was now able to imagine the reason of their pursuing this route, instead of hurrying homeward.

In the evening of the fourth day, we arrived at the spot. As the Indians encamped, I concluded they would wait for morning ere they commenced their sacrifice. The sun went down: but as if to foretell the hue of the ground when he again shed his beams on the eastern hills, the horizon was stained with the darkest shades of crimson; the hills, trees, and waters, partook of the reflected tints, till deepening into purple strata, they gradually darkened, and at length disappeared in the shades of night.

Overcome by fatigue, I took a secure place in the boughs of a tree, and exhausted with watchfulness and excitement, sunk into a sound sleep. The sharp crack of a rifle started me from my dreaming posture. An irregular running fire now broke the stillness of the wood, and shouting for joy, I made my way towards the Indian camp fires. The shrieks of the wounded, and the horrid war-whoop of the enraged savages, told the work of destruction. The Indians were between me and our little band of hunters, which now rushed from the wood like tigers on their prey—hand to hand the bloody grapple was contested—fierce and sanguinary was the struggle. As I endeavored to gain their ranks, an Indian fell at my feet; a rifle ball had pierced his breast. Quickly dragging him into the bushes, my clothes were exchanged for his, and imitating the war-whoop, I endeavored to gain the spot where the prisoners were guarded. As I approached them, a tall savage fixed his piercing gaze on my face, and knowing that I was recognized, my knife pierced his heart. This was seen by the party guiding the captives, and there was no resource but to mingle in the confused combats. Here I was enabled by my disguise to paralyze many an arm uplifted against my companions, until a blow from some unknown arm stopped my further operations.

How long I remained insensible, I cannot say, but when recollection returned, my arms were pinioned, while Maria and Jem, with four or five of the gallant band of hunters, were beside me; the bones of the dead strewed around the dismal cavern, told too well the place of our confinement; and the hideous glare of satisfaction gleaming from Mike's eyes, seated at the fire, with the remains of the warriors, now reduced to one fourth of their number, spoke in language too powerful to be misunderstood, the dark fate intended for us.

In the countenances of my companions, I read the fatal termination of the attack.—Nearly all, who had sworn to revenge the massacre of their friends, had fallen victims to their precipitance. Yet the Indians found them no easy conquest, though worn down with fatigue; for thrice their number bit the earth, before the remnant of the whites were made captives.

It was nearly mid-day, and the hour when the "day-god" reached his meridian, was that in which our torments would commence. We spoke not to one another, but silently awaited our fate. Maria was pale as marble; her dark hair hung dishevelled, and she dared not look upon us; her eyes, shaded by their tear-dewed lashes, were fixed on the rocky pavement of the cavern, while tears dripping from her ashy cheek, bespoke remembrance of the tranquil home she once possessed, now blackened with the ruins of its cabins, and its springs tinged with the blood of relatives and friends.

But now the time had arrived for the practice of the most extreme cruelties which savage ingenuity could invent. A pile of brush was collected, and Mike was busy laying it in order; exulting in his successful villany and revenge, he would tauntingly ask, "Do you find the value of a dainty face now?" then mimicking Maria, "poor girl, she'll have fire to dry her tears presently. She'll know the worth of a man hereafter; though his skin be darker than the inside of a churn;" with similar unfeeling insults. The young chief "Okonara," or the "Eagle," was sullenly smoking his pipe, without noticing the preparations going forward. With unmoved features, he sat watching Maria, whose despairing grief had attracted his attention. The fire was now applied to faggots: all hope had vanished, and resigning ourselves to fate, we bade each other a mournful farewell, confident it was the last.

Mike now advanced towards us. Whether the sensations he caused, made my imagination paint the monster more horrible than nature had seen fit to fashion him, I know not; but certain is my belief, that the lines of villany I then beheld, never before distorted the face of a mortal. He was painted in all the deformity of the savages, and with malignant fury in his looks, he thus addressed us: "you know Mike now, don't you? Did you think to trample me like a worm, and I should slink away unrevenged? She whom you thought too good for me, is now in my power; and one word from him you thrust away from your door, could save her from the flames: but my hatred shall be satisfied, and Mike's wrongs be visited on the heads of his opposers; for long shall the settlers rue the day they drove him forth an outcast."

With these words he caught the shrieking girl in his arms, and amidst the shouts of the red faces, bore her to the piles. She fainted as he placed her at the stake. I raised my arms, and struggled violently to free myself, but in vain—my brain whirled until I fancied myself in the midst of the flames, with fiends dancing around to torture me.

I know not what immediately followed.—When I recovered my senses, Maria lay on the outside of the fiery ring. The Indians were standing irresolute, while Mike was struggling to free himself from the powerful grasp of the chief who was kneeling on his breast. I was told afterwards that Okonara had remained abstracted from all that was proceeding, till startled by the shouts and songs of his companions, as they commenced their incantations around their victim. Then springing up and rushing to the stake, he snatched the lifeless girl from the flames. Mike demanded the reason of his interference; the Eagle did not deign to notice him, till the daring white caught the chief by the throat; when the warrior hurled him like an infant to the earth. With one knee on his breast, and uplifted hatchet, he would soon have ended his life, but his arm was arrested by one of his men. He paused—then releasing the prostrate Mike, he placed Maria with us; and withdrew to explain his conduct to his tribe. Maria soon recovered, and we all gave thanks to that Providence which had raised up a friend to the helpless, from the ranks of their most inveterate foes.

From the knowledge I had acquired of the Indian language, I caught from their expressions, that they were not pleased with the in-

terruption to their rites; and that their chief, whatever might be his wishes, could not prevent them from accomplishing their fixed purpose. He seemed, however, determined on their compliance with a part of his demand, which was to spare Maria, whom he claimed as his share of the plunder; while Mike was striving by all the rhetoric he was master of, to defeat his wishes, as he had stipulated the prisoners were to be under his control. Okonara motioned them to be silent, and raising his majestic form to its full length—with that rude grandeur which the Indian language alone possesses, he thus addressed them:

"Okonara is your chief. If he has shown himself unworthy of his tribe, you are at liberty to degrade him. Is there one here who would contend with the Eagle? let him come; he shall fill my place when he has beat me down. Has Okonara been with the squaws when his warriors were acting deeds of glory? Has he cowered when the bullets of the Long Knives came like the destroying arrows of the Great Spirit? Has he refused to raise the war cry, or unbury the hatchet, when his young men were eager for the combat? Has he led his warriors into danger, and not found means to extricate them? If he has done aught of these, he is ready to become disgraced, and no more join in the circle of warriors, or sit at the council fire. But is the Eagle still the son of his father;—has he rivalled the deeds of Wiskonsa;—has his name become a firebrand to his foes? Has his nation become powerful by his valor, till the bravest of their enemies avoid the path of the Snakes, as they would the angry voice of Manitou? Then let him claim his reward; shall he yield to the will of a coward, who betrays his people to the enemy;—if so, make him your chief—Okonara would be the leader of braves, not of cowards and villains."

The chief ceased, and with the pride of offended majesty retired from the group, and commenced smoking his pipe apparently unconcerned. A short consultation was now held amongst the Indians. When it ended, one advanced to the chief and presented him with the tuft of feathers from his head, in token that his demand was acceded to. Okonara then persuaded them to defer the sacrifice of the men until the next morning, which with reluctance was at length agreed on. Hope was now revived, we could not but attribute the delay to the Eagle's wish to save us if possible. His motive for saving Maria might be conjectured, but we could not account for his taking an interest in our fate; though at times it struck me that some faint resemblance of his features, was lingering on my mind.

The only light that illuminated the dreary cavern, was the camp-fire of the Indians, around which they seated themselves, relating their exploits, and shaving their dry venison. Most of my fellow prisoners had fallen asleep; exhausted nature could no longer be kept in activity, by the apprehension of death or the hope of deliverance.

The Indians one by one, as night advanced, stretched themselves at length on their buffalo skins, while Mike took a position on a shivering rock between us and the mouth of the cave. Okonara was lying by the fire, but now and then I noticed his eyes sparkle in the light, as he cautiously surveyed Mike. Anxious as I was to remain awake, I had fallen asleep—when I was startled by a gentle shake. I raised up and discovered Okonara by my side, he had severed the thongs that bound me, and now motioned me to follow him. In silence we reached the mouth of the cave; the first glance convinced me my escape in that direction was impracticable; two Indians occupied the narrow aperture through which we must pass. Okonara paused—drew his knife from his belt—but instantly replaced it—pushing me into a small nook formed by the rocks, he advanced to the sentinels and offered to relieve them; as soon as they retired, he bade me fly, giving me to understand that I should leave as many tracks as possible, to avoid being recaptured. I now conjectured his scheme; and shaking his proffered hand, set out on the course he had indicated.

The streaks of day were just appearing in the east as I passed the scene of the sanguinary contest where we had been made prisoners. I dared not look on the mutilated remains of the companions whom we had known in health and vigor, but proceeded onward towards the river. I had twice crossed the path of my pursuers ere mid-day, but before sunset, arrived safely at the Ohio. Here I imprinted many feet of different dimensions in the sand, that the Indians might conclude, we had been taken in by some descending barge; and then concealed myself under a raft of drift. Ere night they had traced me to the spot, and Mike appeared almost frantic to think his prey had escaped. Most of the tribe, at whose head was Okonara, appeared by their gestures to be anxious to return home; but Mike was urgent to follow the course of the river, in hopes of overtaking us. He could prevail only on a few to remain, the rest marched off eastward: joyfully I saw them depart, for Okonara remained with those behind, who now hastily started down the stream.

As soon as they were out of sight, I retraced my steps towards the cave. Day-light found me at its mouth, a large stone now obstructed the entrance: but I recognized Jem's voice as he demanded in the Indian tongue, "who's there?" It is not necessary to describe our meeting: those who have been suddenly snatched from almost inevitable death meet not with burning words, but hearts throbbing almost to madness. On my departure, Okonara had returned to the cavern: the Indians were locked in profound sleep: one by one he released the prisoners, and conducting them into the interminable recesses of the cave concealed them in the many bifidated rocks, which abounded in this dungeon, impenetrable by the light of mid-day. Then without exciting suspicion, he engaged his comrades in the pursuit, as my tracks proved to them conclusively, that we had passed the mouth of the cave. Mike seemed inclined to doubt, but one look from the chief, whose vengeance he came so near experiencing, settled his hesitancy, and the prisoners with beating hearts saw them depart.

They intended to await the return of the chief to guide them in safety, but when I informed them how he was engaged, we determined to set out immediately.

There were two knives among us, which had been left unnoticed in the cavern, and the rest armed themselves with large clubs determined not to be taken alive again. We cautiously pursued our course: now lying flat in the tall grass to avoid some wandering savages; and now stealing along like panthers through the underbrush in fear of meeting the party of Mike. We had arrived within a day's march of our unfortunate stations, and had nearly given up all fear of encountering them; when being a little in advance of the rest of our men, an Indian glided from one tree to another, then advancing a few paces, halted, and fixed his gaze upon us. "Down, down," cried Jem, who noticed him at the same moment; but it was too late, as the Indian approached I grasped my knife;—he came nearer,—it was Okonara. He took my hand, but his finger on his lip kept me silent; "back," whispered he, "the Snakes are before you;" we retreated a short distance from the spot. "I have saved your lives,—you know me not, but the Eagle forgets not his friends. Look at this;" he drew the fawn skin from his shoulders, and I immediately discovered that he was the same person, whom, many years before, when Jem and I were mere boys, we had found in a deep ravine, whither he had fallen in a skirmish with a tribe of his enemies. We had restored him to life, by water from the brook, and conveyed him to the house, where Maria had ministered to his wants till he was sufficiently recovered to return to his nation. He proceeded, "Okonara has done his duty; you shall return to the house of the whites; the Eagle has no home; his wife sat at her cabin door; she sang the song of the Indian mother; the white man came to the cabin, she is in the dust,—the Indian's wife was left unburied; he placed her in her narrow house, and swore above it to be revenged on the pale faces. The Eagle's vow has long since been consummated; he could not see the pale maiden who gave him life, suffer for the crimes of her countrymen;—and for her sake he delivered her companions;—keep in these woods; farewell—we meet no more." We were affected almost to tears, but little thought his last words were prophetic. He had proceeded but a few steps from us, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard. I leaped forward in time to catch the wounded chief, he uttered not a groan; but pointed to the spot whence the shot came; then covering his face with his mantle of skins, he expired in my arms. My attention had been drawn exclusively to him, so that I did not immediately notice what was passing,—but when I looked up, Jem was not with us. One of the party pointed out the track he had taken, and I immediately followed; at a short distance from the place we met; he was returning, dragging with him the form of a man. I soon discovered it to be Mike, he was mortally wounded. "Thought the bushranger at last," cried Jem, "he couldn't escape my eye, when he crept off like a wounded snake. Gave me a right cut for it through the weeds, but he'll never draw trigger against a friendly moccasin again. He fought like a man,—broke his rifle against a tree, but intended the blow for my head; Jem's not going to stand still when there is danger in the way,—so I let him know the length of my knife." We leaned his head against a log, his hard breathing told that his end was at hand. Jem asked him if he was not sorry for his rascally deed, and particularly to Maria, who never harmed a hair of his head?" He started at the name,—his strength seemed to return—he clenched his fist and exclaimed—"Oh! had it been completed, I should have died satis"——his head fell against the log,—his eyes were fixed on vacancy—the traitor had his reward.

Knowing the Indians would soon come in search of him, we placed him by the side of the miscredited savage. We were loth to leave the last offices to the dead Eagle, even to the hands of his tribe; but there was no time to lose. We placed Mike's broken rifle by his side, and the knife in the hand of the chief, that the Indians might believe they had fallen in single combat, and thus we would be enabled to escape. We reached the nearest settlement unmolested. On our route we passed the spot, where the happy parents once smiled on the youthful sports of their off-springs, but the vine-clad cabin, and the fields of green corn, were no longer there. The besom of destruction had hurried them away; and there was nothing left for affection's tribute, but to bury the ashes of the dead, moistened with the tears of the living.

Time wore on;—the savages no longer disturbed the country by their massacres,—new villages were springing up in every direction, and Jem who had lately taken a help-mate, Marie and myself, belonged to the party of adventurers, who first erected cabins, on the spot, hallowed by the death of the Forest Eagle, when he saved our party from destruction in the CAVERN OF DEATH.

W. H. S

THE BEREAVED SOLICITOR.

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

A shoot of an old family of Fontaene, a certain country gentleman, was in possession of no other domain than a hen-house with four turrets, surmounted by some noisy weather-cocks; but still held this noble Castle by the tenure of an inalienable fee and amused himself by laughing at the impotent anger of his creditors as they clustered about the drawbridge of his decayed mansion.

But the day came when a prodigal nobility were obliged to pay up their arrears, by abandoning lands and houses to the rapacity of the first comer. Having nothing to lose by leaving France, our friend was one of the first who reached the rendezvous at Coblentz. He lived there some time at the general expense; and after the dispersion of the heroic supporters of the throne, he passed through England, Germany, and even Russia; then again through Russia, Germany, and England; every where begging assistance, every where recommending himself under the title of a political emigrant, a title that always drew tears and money from the generous. He walked about this twenty years of his life, making his title of exile and proscription the source of a revenue sufficiently ample to support him in idleness.

Finally he again sets foot upon the soil of France, and the first time for twenty years he haughtily raises his head, and shows to its utmost advantage his form of five feet six, emaciated to utter fleshlessness. He was not a solicitor for a pension, but the *old Marquis* of Beranger; he came not to ask assistance of a prince restored to his throne, but to receive the recompense which was due to his sufferings and his service.

As a flight of larks will gather about a sunny spot of ground on a spring-day, in the same manner a crowd of emigrants returning with the Bourbons surrounded the throne; and a no less numerous crowd of those, who, having been sometime basking in the sunshine of empire, were speedily scattered on the first indication of a storm. Our country-gentleman with his lofty stature, could not fail of being conspicuous; and his anxiety was great to stand with sufficient humanity to express thanks for the presents with which he was loaded. Behold him then, rich, very rich! But appetite grows by eating, and when he had once got into the fashion of it, his knees and dorsal spine preserved their becoming flexibility. He remained constant in his attendance, and thanks to his St. Louis crops, and title of emigrant, he continued to make the generous open their purse-strings. There were few formulas of petitions which he had not filled up to increase his treasures.

Very often already had he addressed himself to a prince celebrated for his benevolence; and even this prince eventually became tired.

One fine day, however, a petition was received, in which the subscriber stated, that, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, (we have forgotten to mention among other things the accidental marriage of our hero,) he was utterly without funds to bury her. Orders are accordingly given to carry to his address the necessary sum. The messenger knocks at the door of the dwelling in question: a woman about forty years old opens and asks what is wanted.

"I wish to speak with Monsieur D****," said the messenger, "the gentleman who has lately lost his wife."

"His wife dead! who told you so?"

"Himself. He has just written to the Duke of Orleans."

"You are jesting, sir, very foolishly. Know, sir, that I am that gentleman's wife."

"But, madam, I can assure you that your husband has written to the prince to request a donation of a sum large enough to bury his wife."

The good lady perceived, but too late, that she had deranged one of her husband's speculations: and the messenger, bursting into a fit of laughter, begged that Madame D**** would present herself at the Palais Royal. Arrived at the office, they gave her the money that the prince had granted to her spouse, and took a receipt for it after this fashion:

"I, the undersigned lady D****, acknowledge the receipt of 500 francs, the sum allowed to my husband for the purpose of my interment.

Signed: Lady D****."

Boston Galaxy.

From the Boston Transcript.

THE ORANG OUTANG.

This singular animal, of whom all have heard, and so much has been said and written but of whom so little is certainly known, promises to afford a subject of much conversation, so soon as the preparations for exhibiting the one lately imported are completed. The Orang Outang, brought to this port in the ship Octavia, Capt. Blanchard, in the year 1825, was a native of Borneo, from whence he was carried to Batavia, and falling into possession of Mr. Forrestier of that place, he was sent consigned to Mr. Charles Thacher of this city, but died on the first night after his arrival. He was three feet and a half high. Dr. Jeffries, who has described him, relates the following account of his habits and manners:—He was put on board the Octavia, under the care of Capt. Blanchard, who first saw him at Mr. Forrestier's house in Batavia. * * While sitting at breakfast, he heard some one enter a door behind, and found a hand placed familiarly on his shoulder; on turning round, he was not a little surprised to find a hairy negro making such an unceremonious acquaintance. George, by which name he passed, seated himself at table by direction of Mr. Forrestier, and after partaking of coffee, &c. was dismissed. He kept his house on ship board clean, and at all times in good order; he cleared it out daily of remnants of food, &c. and frequently washed it, being provided with water and a cloth for the purpose. He was cleanly in his person and habits, washing his hands and face regularly, and in the same manner as a man. He was docile and obedient, fond of play and amusement, but would sometimes become so rough, although in good temper, as to require correction from Capt. Blanchard, on which occasions he would lie down and cry, very much in the voice of a child, appearing very sorry for having given the offence. His food was *rice paddy* in general, but he would, and did, eat almost any thing provided for him. The *paddy* he sometimes ate with molasses, and sometimes without tea, coffee, fruit, &c., which he was fond of, and was in the habit of coming to the table at dinner, to partake of wine; this was in general, claret. * * His mode of sitting was on an elevated seat, and not on the floor. The directions given by Mr. Forrestier, were, in case of sickness, to give him castor oil. It was administered to him once on the beginning of his passage, with effectual relief. He sickened a second time on the latter part of his voyage, and resisted the attempts of the captain and several strong men to get the oil into the stomach. He continued to fail gradually, losing his appetite and strength, until he died, much emaciated, soon after the ship anchored."

The Orang Outang is generally supposed by naturalists to be exclusively an inhabitant of the larger Islands of the Indian Ocean; and the opinion that this animal is a native of Africa, has probably originated from the accounts, related by travellers, of the Pongo, an ape of extraordinary magnitude, of whose exploits the negroes narrate incredible stories. The Westminster Review, however, sanctions a belief in the existence of the African Orang Outang, of whom the following anecdote is related in a late number of that Journal; "The name of the Orang Outang in Africa is *Rang Oton*, which is believed to mean "wild man." In confirmation of the name's signifying "wild man," the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as a harmony with what takes place in the human species, and it is true, as stated by some of the old voyagers, that there is a popular opinion that the Orang Outangs are men, who refuse to speak lest they should be made to work."

Diamonds. The ancients attributed extraordinary virtues to the diamond. They believed it could not be broken by the greatest blow, but Pliny says that if it be soaked in the blood of a goat, it may then be broken. The ancients believed that a diamond kept in the house would prevent domestic strife between man and wife. This was mere imagination; but there is a diamond that may be kept in every family, which has this virtue—and that is—GOOD TEMPER.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREEN.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 25, 1831.

SUMMER PASTIMES.

The season of the year has now come, when the great inquiry is how to get rid of time, and get rid of it comfortably. This is chiefly the case, however, with the inhabitants of cities; for farmers have a pastime—or at least a way of passing time—in the regular disgharge of their duties, in cultivating the earth, in securing their crops, in watching the result of their labors; and they are never happier than during the season when the land is full of promise and they are supported in the midst of their toils by the hopes of the approaching harvest. They have then no motives for wandering, no desire for a change of place, no wish to abandon their homes.

But with those who are cooped up in cities the case is different. Possessing less stamina than your hardy countrymen, they are apprehensive they "shall melt and resolve into a dew." They want a strong man with a pair of bellows to help them draw their breath; one boy to fan them, and a second to listen while a third reads them a newspaper. But this is a listless life, and they will even run the risk of melting, to prevent them from dying of ennui. Action then, in spite of the heat and the lassitude, becomes the order of the day—and the principal inquiry is, what shall we do? where shall we go?

Riding and walking, sailing and bathing, excursions by land and by water, are some of the principal resorts. Public gardens are frequented, and soda fountains pour forth their cooling riches. Now is the time for the keepers of gardens, of baths and of shady walks, to make money; now the ferry boats are crammed from morning till night with passengers fleeing from the heat and dust of the city, and submitting in crowds to sun and steam for the sake of finding a shade on Long Island or the Jersey shore. And now boats, that ply up and down the river, are alive with motly specimens of humanity, hastening to the mountain House, the Springs, or the Falls.

Those whose business or whose pockets will not allow them to escape to the country, have to content themselves with shorter migrations—such as the Battery, Castle Garden, Niblo's, and the like. But some, who do not think it advisable to expose themselves to the sun for the sake of getting to a shade, merely emigrate from one part of the house to the other—from the south to the north, from the west to the east, according as the sun moves round and admonishes them to seek the cool side. Now northern exposures are in good demand, and one is tempted to wish that his house had no southern part. Now blinds, that admit the air, while they exclude the sun, are estimated at their just value; and fans, provided you can escape the labor of using them, are believed to be decidedly a comfort. Now it is a relief, for want of other amusement, even to talk about the weather—to declare positively that you never felt the like—that the present is the hottest season ever known, or ever to be known.

Now stocks begin to fall, and straw hats to rise; now cravats are voted a torment and boots an affliction; now a man, who has no shirt to his back, needs no excuse for not wearing one; now pantaloons stick to one "closer than a brother;" and a man, who is scrupulous about shaking hands with his gloves on, may as well go about his business. Now feather beds are discarded and matrasses are courted; now ladies cannot endure a gentleman's arm, and gallantry and comfort must take leave of each other for a season. Now eating is absolutely deemed a bore—and excessive drinking is the order of the day—even the advocates of cold water observing no moderation in their cups. Now haircloth sofas are the best furniture in existence, and lolling is the only comfortable exercise to be met with with.

Now business is almost at a stand, and but few men care about standing for business. Every body is glad to escape from his ordinary occupation. Even money-making is wearisome, and the inquiry is not so much, wherewith shall I fill my pockets, as, how shall I empty them in the most agreeable manner? Where shall I go to day? Whither shall I bend my steps to-morrow? What course shall I take next day? So runs the summer away, and the citizen scarce deems it genteel or allowable to think seriously of his money-making pursuits, until the returning autumn shall have new-strung his body and restored the tone of his mind.

THEATRE. Pinn has been showing his comical face at the Park—or rather his variety of faces, for we know of no man who puts on so many. His command of expression is that in which he particularly excels.

BUMPOLOGY.

"What do you think of our Nathan's head, Doctor?" said a phrenological lady the other day to a man of medicine.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the doctor, "I havn't noticed it particularly."

"Well, Doctor, I do wish you'd examine it, and give your opinion on the subject."

Nathan, a great lump of a boy, was accordingly called in, and desired to take off his hat so that the doctor might examine the bumps on his head. To this Nathan at first demurred, saying there was no use in it, for he had not bumped his head never since moving-day, when he fell against a lamp-post—but now 'twas all well. However, he was prevailed upon by the promise of a lump of sugar to unbare his towy sconce, and submit it to the inspection of the doctor. The latter was unfortunately no phrenologist, and after squinting rapidly at the subject, told the mother that he thought her son's head was as round as a pumpkin.

"But that isn't what I mean, Doctor," said the mother, "I wish you to examine the lumps, bumps, and circumflexions, and see what the boy's made for. I can't help thinking he's made for something or other, and I've thought so for a long time."

"I havn't the least doubt in the world, madam, but what you're correct—but what he's made for in particular, it is difficult to tell. Perhaps for a butcher, a tinker, or a pedlar—I know not—it is out of my province to determine."

"But don't you think he is cut out for something great?"

"It may be so, ma'am, but he is likely to be spoilt in the making up."

"Ah! now you're joking, Doctor."

"It's no joke, I can assure you."

"But, Doctor, you don't examine into the case."

"I can't see into the case—it's d—lish thick."

"Fudge! Doctor, you wont take up the matter seriously."

"Oh, for that matter I'm perfectly serious madam—but really—"

"Come nearer, Nathan, so that the doctor can have a fair view of your head—a little nearer, my son. Can you see it now, Doctor?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," said the doctor, recoiling a little, as the boy drew near, scratching his head with great industry and zeal.

"What do you think of it now, Doctor?" said the fond mother—"confess seriously, did you ever see any body's head so *enveloped?*

"Seriously then, madam, I never did."

"Aint it all kivered over, a twere—"

"I must say I never saw a head so *covered over* in my life," said the doctor in a very equivocal tone, as the boy, approached still nearer and scratched with unabated zeal."

"Did you now positively," resumed the fond mother, "ever see such a living specimen?"

"I think I never did see such *live* specimens in all my travels," said the doctor with a sort of shudder.

"Come a little nearer, Nathan, so that the doctor can feel of your head."

"Excuse me there, madam, I begin to *feel* very sensibly already."

"Why dont you stir, Nathan! why do you creep so."

"There is a stirring in his very hair,
That makes mine own to creep with sympathy,

said the doctor, recoiling a few steps and growing unconsciously poetical.

"I knew you must be fairly astonished on a near view of his head," said the mothe delightedly.

"I never was more so in my life," returned the man of medicine—

"Dont you observe that his head is running over with bumps?"

"It is indeed *running* over," replied the doctor, with particular emphasis on the word running.

Well, what do you think I'd better do with him, Doctor?"

A fine-toothed comb is very efficacious in these cases," said the doctor, as it were thinking aloud.

"A fine-toothed comb!" ejaculated the mother.

"Yes—that is—I mean—"

"True—true—ha, ha, ha!—true, the boy is a little blowsy to day. Go and smoothe down your hair, Nathan. But tell me, Doctor, seriously, what you'd advise me to put the boy to?"

"I advise you to wash him up clean, make a thorough revolution in the ontward affairs of his head, and then send him to school."

"And what do you think he'll make, Doctor?" now tell me candidly."

"Why, Madam, I think he's as likely to make a blockhead as any thing."

"A blockhead! indeed—but I see, Doctor, you know nothing of phrenology. Please send in your bill to-morrow morning. A blockhead, indeed!"

A BITE.

"Oh! Oh! I'm bitten to death—I'm a dead man—I hav'nt two hours to live—Oh dear!" wildly exclaimed and honest countryman, not a hundred miles off, as he rushed into the house one dark evening—"I've been bitten by a rattle snake!"

"By a rattle snake!" asked some one present—"are you sure it was a rattle snake?"

"Sure! Oh Lord! I'm too sure; I heard him rattle and felt the bite as plain as day."

"Then it's a gone case with you," replied the compassionate neighbor, "and the sooner you make your will the better."

"Oh! that I should be cut off in the prime of my days by such a cat-a-stro-phe! that I should ever live to die by the bite of a rattle snake! that it should be my fate to go out the world swollen like a bladder and speckled as a sarpent!"

"But where is the wound, Mister—"

"Here! here! on my instep—I had no stocking on. Oh! I'm a dead man—there's no help for me. See how my foot swells!"

"Alack! alackaday! poor man I pity you, upon my soul I do. But there's no help—a rattlesnake's bite is fatal—all the medicine in the world cant cure it. You might as well undertake to call a man from the dead as to cure the bite of a rattlesnake!"

"But where was the snake?" asked a considerate man among the crowd who had run in on hearing of the fatal accident."

"Where was the snake, do you say?" returned the bitten man in great agony—"he was behind the barn among the weeds."

"We had better go and kill him," said the considerate man, before he kills somebody else."

"Oh mercy!" exclaimed several voices, "I would'nt go near him for all the world."

"Nevertheless the prudent man went, well armed with a club and furnished with a lantern; while some others cautiously followed at a distance to see the result. The man soon descried the cause of the mischief, still lurking among the weeds; but instead of striking the blow, he merely gave a whew-whistle, and returned to the house.

"Have you killed him?" asked the wounded man.

"Killed him! why, you fool you, the rattlesnake is nothing but a poor old *setting hen*, that had made her nest among the weeds, and merely pecked your foot to keep you from treading on her."

"The devil she did!" exclaimed the man with the swollen foot, caping up two feet high, "then 'twas no rattlesnake after all, hey? Oh, Lord! that ever an old setting hen should put me in such a fright. But I'm perfectly well now—my foot aint swelled a bit—the old setting hen, hey?—Hoo—hoo—hoo!—But d——n her! I say, for putting me in such a fright for nothing."

CANICIDES.

We understand that mortal havoc has been made with the Dogs of New-York, ever since the promulgation of the City Ordinance, requiring the death of all such as are found at large. Many a one has been knocked on the head; some have been decapitated, some run through with a sword, and others despatched by drowning. "Ki-i! ki-i!—twas'nt I! twas'nt I!" for several days, has been heard resounding in every part of the city. Tray, Blanch and Sweet-heart, little dogs and all," have been brought to an untimely end.

Those, however, who loved their dogs more than their own convenience or their neighbors' comfort, chained up the animals in their back yards; and deep mouthed curs are heard every night rattling their chains, and howling, and baying the moon, and playing the michief with all human slumbers within a quarter of a mile of them. Their humane masters indeed attempt to silence them with a cow hide or a rope's end, but they have no sooner retired to their beds, than the poor dogs begin to bark again from very spite and indignation. The barking of one dog is echoed by another, this by a third, and so on, till a canine concert is raised throughout the city.

Of all four-footed animals dogs are generally the most useless, and especially in a city, where a man no more wants a dog than a dog wants two tails. But if they will keep these useless, "varmunts," let them be of the smallest size—real pocket dogs, that a gentleman, when he walks the streets, may stow away along with his money-wallet, or a lady may carry in her work-basket. Or they should be of that species that cannot bark—perfect dummies.

Several persons, we, understand, have made a very profitable business of dog-killing, having despatched many a poor yelper to the shade. Among others, who came for the reward of a dollar a head, was a black man, who having captured a couple of dogs, instead of killing, brought them alive to the accounting officer. But as he could not with propriety lead them into the house of his worship, he gave them in keeping to some boys while he went in to announce the fact of their capture and to claim the reward. But on returning a minute after, he found that half his hope had fled; the boys had cut the string and let one of the dogs go.

"By golly! here be only one dog, massa 'Squire—but I fetch two—sartin as I'm alive, I fetch two—but he no here now. Boys, wat you done wiz my tuzzer dog, hey?"

"He's jist run round the corner of the house there," said the mischievous rogues, "you can catch him in a minute"

Away went Blackey to recapture his dog, and while he was gone, the boys cut the string of the other. The negro returned after a hard chase, empty-handed, and blowing like a porpoise. "Dammy dog!" said he, "I can't kitch him—he go like a lightening streak. But where de tuzzer! hey, boys? He got away too?"

"Yes, he wouldn't stay after t'other had gone."

"O you rascal boys!" said the black, who now began to open his eyes—"'twas you done dat trick—'twas you slip him loose—and ruin me out o' two dollars lawfully begotten money But let me kitch *you* in a string once, you no slip your hang-necks out so easy—by Gosh! you don't."

SOMEWHAT PUZZLED.

Last week a Jerseyman not far from forty years of age, came into the office of a physician in this city, bringing an infant to have it fitted with a truss. He was accompanied by a blooming girl, apparently about sixteen—with whom the physician (a bachelor) was well nigh falling in love at sight. Such being the case, he was "struck all of a heap," as the saying is, when the child beginning to cry, he saw the girl take it and give it the breast. Feeling his love descending all at once nearly to zero, he inquired—"Is that child yours?"

"No sir, it is my brother."

"Your brother's child, is it?"

"No sir, it is my own brother."

"Your brother! the child your brother?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"It is rather curious though—you look so young that I—"

"But I'm married for all that."

"And your child your brother!"

"No sir, *my* child is not my brother—I left mine at home. This is my mother's child. We have each an infant, and as my mother could not so well leave home, and I wished to come to the city, we made an exchange—she nurses my child at home, while I do the same by her's here."

"Oh! I begin to understand now; but I was prodigiously puzzled at first, I must confess.

This was undoubtedly somewhat of a novel case and as our friend the physician was not so old as he will be, if he lives long enough, it is not surprising that he should be in somewhat of a quandary to understand the matter. Though nephews and nieces are occasionally to be met with older than their uncles and aunts; it must be rather a phenomenon to see a brother sustained at the breast of a sister, and a grandchild drawing nourishment from that of its grandmother.

WINE vs. WHISKEY. The drinkers of Champagne and Madeira are out against the drinkers of rum and whiskey—or, in other words, are endeavoring to prevent the erection of booths in our city on the Fourth of July. But both the wine-drinkers and the spirit-drinkers will take a little of something to stimulate their patriotism on that day; and would not deem their Independence worth a fig, could they not have the privilege of getting tolerably blue, each in their own way. It is to be sure less genteel to get fuddled at a booth made of rough boards, than in a well-furnished dining hall; and the poor whiskey-drinker, who gets gloriously drunk for a shilling, has no right to show his face to a gentleman who has laid out three dollars in getting equally tipsy. In fact there is no comparison between getting genteelly tipsy on expensive wine, and vulgarly corned on cheap whiskey. But if the Common Council should pass an act to deprive the poor of the privilege of getting drunk their own way, it would be but fair that the members of the Board should make provision out of their own pockets to enable said poor to fuddle as genteelly as their betters—for really, though the poorest may be able to get drunk in a cheap way, it is not every man that can muster two or three dollars for the same glorious purpose.

EPIGRAM ON A SCOLD.

Dick married a wife—alas for poor Dick!
He soon wished his wife in the hands of Old Nick;
Her habits were bad, her temper was worse,
And Dick found his blessing was only a curse—
So humbly he called on the devil to take her;
But the devil, alack! as passing that way,
He dropt in a moment one fierce stormy day,
Drew in his black horns and shook like a Shaker;
And he swore he should have no peace of his life,
Should he take into hell Dick's termagant wife.

[illegible]

The Dublin Morning Register gives the following as a specimen of the scenes that are of constant occurrence in the freeholders' booth at the city of Dublin election :—

Mr. George Fitzgerald, one of the agents for the anti-reformers, and who seems to take particular delight of sporting in a good-humored way with the populace, calls out, Well, Mr. Riley, you're getting very *slack* there; have you ere another man to vote against the constitution.

Mr. Riley (a reform agent)—Yes, I have; here is Mr. Patrick Nulty: have you any objection to him?

Mr. Fitzgerald—He's a decent looking man, I don't think. Will he vote the right way?

Mr. Riley—To be sure he will. Do you require him to take the oaths?

Mr. Fitzgerald—Oh! only the usual ones; I'll let him off the bribery oath, in honor of of the Nultys.

Assessor—Take the book, Sir. (The freeholder having gone through the oaths, and being about sixty years old, concluded with declaring, that *to the best of his belief*, he is twenty-one years of age, he is again questioned by the officer,) who do you vote for?

Nulty—I vote, in the first place, for My Lord Mayor (Loud cheers from the galleries), and I vote, in the next place, for Mr. Perrin (continued cheers) and I vote, in the third place, for reform. (Uproarious cheers.)

Mr. Fitzgerald—Wait awhile, Mr. Nulty; I have only *twenty* objections to your vote.

From the galleries—Ha! Georgy; bad scran' to you, Georgy; we'll see the recorder trying you yet, Georgy.

Mr. Fitzgerald—Now, just listen to these blackguards, Mr. Assessor: I'm intimidated from doing my duty. I have *thirty* objections to your vote, Mr. Nulty.

From the galleries—O, you're an ugly thief, Georgy; what a nose you have for opening oysters, Georgy.

Mr. Fitzgerald—Really, Mr Assessor I cannot do my duty if these blackguards can insult me with impunity.

Assessor—The first man I see disturbing the poll, I'll commit him.

Mr. Fitzgerald—Yes do, Sir—take six of them—take all the blackguard ruffians into custody. (Loud cheers and laughter from the gallery, with cries of "Well, go on Georgy, and we'll let you alone.")

A curious incident occurred in the freeholders' booth, in the city of Dublin, on Wednesday, where a poor tenant, a forty shilling freeholder, was brought up by his landlord to vote for the anti-reform candidates. After taking the usual oath, the following conversation took place:—

Assessor—Who do you vote for, Sir?

Freeholder—For those my landlord bid me vote for—there's my landlord; ask him isn't the case.

Assessor—Come, Sir, who do you vote for?

Freeholder—Why, for those my landlord bid me.

Assessor—Let no one speak to the elector. (Hear, hear.) Do you know the names of the four candidates?

Freeholder—By dad I do, sir, right well, and what they're going to vote for too, (Hear, and cheers.)

Assessor—Come, then, say at once who do you vote for?

Freeholder (first looking at his landlord, and then at the *boys* in the gallery, his face brightened up)—Who will I vote for? Why, then, by dad, I'll vote for the Lord Mayor and Mr. Perkins. (Continued cheers, and cries of long life to you, you're real Irish.)

A Female Patriot. During the late election for Exeter, one of the worthy candidates called at a house to solicit the vote and interest of an honest freeman. The honorable gentleman was met at the door by the better half of the freeman, and directly made known his business. "My husband shan't vote for you," was the reply of the lady. Remonstrance was attempted to no purpose, for, acting on the new recognized principle that she had a right to do what she pleased with her own, the good woman pertinaciously persisted in her hard hearted refusal. Smiles and entreaties having failed, the candidate requested permission to see the husband as a person who was a litte interested in the business; but the freeman's wife absolutely shocked at the proposal to tamper with her nominee, exclaimed in great anger—"What, Sir! attempt to make difference between man and wife, I am ashamed of you!" She instantly slammed the door in his face. In order to keep her word, she took her husband to the polling booth, and witnessed the manner in which his vote was tendered.

Exeter (England) Paper

Another candidate, Col. Bruen, a member of the late parliament, in making an unsuccessful peregrination through Carlow, called at the house of one of his constituents, into whose favor he was desirous of ingratiating himself, when the following emphatic conversation took place between him and the gentleman's daughter:

Col. Bruen—Pray, Madam, is your father at home?

Miss———No—what are your commands, sir?

Col. Bruen—I want to solicit his vote.

Miss ———Are you a reformer to the extent of lord John Russell's bill!

Col. Bruen—I cannot say that I am.

Miss ———Then I will not detain you, but merely to assure you that you shall not have my father's vote. He shall never vote against his country.

Extract of a Letter from a Lady in London, May 12th, 1831.—I saw the King and the whole of the royal family, at what is called the "private view" of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. They were there almost three hours. There was an immense crowd outside, and we observed the Queen wipe a tear from her eye on hearing the loud acclamations with which her husband was greeted. She is by no means a handsome woman, and her eyes are remarkably light and prominent. She was dressed in dark blue velvet, with a white chip bonnet and feathers. The princesses were habited nearly alike, in dark blue silk pelisses with bonnets of the same color. They are all "stout ladies" and look like George the Fourth. The little princess Victoria wore a light-colored silk pelisse, with a cottage bonnet of Tuscan straw. The King was dressed in black, and had his hair powdered. The President of the Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, attended the royal family through the exhibition. He was in full dress, and wore his gold medal and chain.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Lane have been lately at two balls at the palace, and describe them as very splendid.

The determined manner in which the King acted in dissolving the Parliament, has made him perhaps more popular than any British monarch that ever reigned. When he ordered the state coach to be prepared, word was brought to him that it would be impossible for him to dissolve Parliament on that day, as it would take twenty-four hours to plat the manes and tails of the horses. The King then desired a hack to be brought, as he was determined to go at once. However, the state-coach and horses were eventually put in order.

We have been asked by many English persons if we have heard of the compliment which our minister paid to the King, in speaking of him a short time since. It seems that Mr. M'Lane said, "he had never supposed it possible he could be brought to envy a king, but he would almost rather have had the feelings of William the Fourth, on the day he dissolved Parliament, than those of any other man that has ever lived." The English appear much gratified at this opinion of their Sovereign, expressed by an American citizen.

EVENING IN JUNE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

See, how the glories of the sinking day,
Fade in a mellow richness from the West,
While the first star, with newly blossom'd ray,
Like a bright spirit seems awhile to rest,
On yonder rose-cloud, ere it floats away
To drink fresh pearl-drops from the ocean's breast!
Disowned of Heaven! above the broad sun's glare,
Thy smile is glistening beautifully fair.

The violet-colored atmosphere is rife
With twice ten thousand perfumes, like a bee,
Whose loaded pinions bear away the life
Of bud and flower, and rose and incense tree,
That mingle sweetly in a loving strife
With the luxurious winds of Araby:—
And thoughts of bliss upon the senses creep,
Like soft delights on rapture's bridal sleep.

Cool and delicious, as the hissing stream
To the spent doe, when the far dying strain
Of hunter's bugle makes her bright eye glance,
Or as the soothing of a tender rain
To the parched leaves, or as a morning dream
To one relieved of restlessness and pain,
Steals the calm freshness of the evening air,
Low as the whispering of a seraph's prayer.

From the green forest aisles and cover bowers,
Breathes the full soul of music richly clear,
Such as a Pexi, from her cloud of flowers,
In floating ecstacy, might lean to hear;—
Strewing enchantment o'er the twilight hours,
And falling on the spirit, like the dear
And beautiful remembrance of past love,
Or like a holy influence from above!

And now the wing of a most sweet repose
Is brooding o'er the bosom of yon lake,
Which, like a heavenly mirror, brightly glows:
While the swan leaves a star-reflecting wake,
Sheen as the silvering of moonlight moves;
And the light waves that in its margin break,
Scarce murmur louder than the under tone
Of the lone ring dove, when his mate has flown.

But lo! the stars are gazing through the deep
Mysterious softness of the shadowed sky;
And night is coming with the wand of sleep,
To smooth the fringes of the drooping eye.
Thou glorious scene! still in my visions keep,
With thy melodious echoes floating by.
When, poised on plumes of golden light, I stand
'Mid the empyreal of the spirit-land!

MISS BURNEY.

Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, wrote her celebrated novel of Evelina when only seventeen years of age, and published it without the knowledge of her father, who, having occasion to visit the metropolis soon after it had issued from the press, purchased it as the work then the most popular, and most likely to prove an acceptable treat to his family. When Dr. Burney had concluded his business in town he went to Chessington, the seat of Mr. Crisp, where his family were then on a visit. He had scarcely dismounted and entered the parlor, when the customary question of "What news?" was rapidly addressed to him by the several personages of his little party. "Nothing," said the worthy doctor, "but a great deal of noise about a novel which I have brought you." When the book was produced, and the title read, the surprised and conscious Miss Burney turned away her face to conceal the blushes and delighted confusion, which otherwise would have betrayed her secret; but the bustle which usually attends the arrival of a friend in the country, where the monotonous but peaceful tenor of life is agreeably disturbed by such a change, prevented the curious and happy group from observing the agitation of the sister." After dinner, Mr. Crisp proposed that the book should be read. This was done with all due rapidity; when the gratifying comments made during its progress, and the acclamation which attended the conclusion, ratified the approbation of the public. The amiable author, whose anxiety and pleasure could with difficulty be concealed, was at length overcome by the delicious feelings of her heart; she burst into tears, and throwing herself on her father's neck, avowed herself the author of Evelina. The joy and surprise of her sisters, and still more of her father, cannot easily be expressed. Dr. Burney, conscious as he was of the talents of his daughter, never thought that such maturity of observation and judgment, such fertility of imagination, and chasteness of style, could have been displayed by a girl of seventeen, by one who appeared a mere infant, artless and inexperienced, and whose deep seclusion from the world, had excluded her from all social knowledge of its ways.

From the Law Magazine

Highwaymen in Chancery. The following is an amusing illustration of the mode in which statements may be generalized by the use of the middle terms. It is extracted from a bill filed by one Highwayman against another, and of course it was necessary to conceal the real nature of the transaction from the court.

John Everett against Joseph Williams.

The bill stated that the plaintiff was skilled in dealing in several commodities, such as plate, rings, watches, &c. that the defendant applied to him to become a partner and that they entered into partnership, and it was agreed that they should equally provide all sorts of necessaries, such as horses, saddles, bridles, and equally bear all expenses on the roads, and at inns, taverns, or alehouses, or at markets or fairs.—"And your orator and the said Jos. Williams proceeded jointly in the said business with good success on Hunslow Heath, where they dealt with a gentleman for a gold watch; and afterwards, the said Joseph Williams, told your orator that Finchley, in the county of Middlesex, was a good and convenient place to deal in, and that commodities were very plentiful at Finchley aforesaid, and it would be almost all clear gain to them: that they went accordingly, and dealt with several gentleman for divers watches, rings, swords, canes, hats, cloaks, horses, bridles, saddles, and other things; that about a month afterwards, the said Joseph Williams informed your orator that there was a gentleman at Blackheath who had a good horse, saddle, bridle, watch, sword, cane, and other things to dispose of, which, he believed, might be had for little or no money; that they accordingly went and met with the said gentleman, and after some discourse they dealt for the said horse, &c.; that your orator and the said Joseph Williams continued their joint dealings together until Michaelmas, and dealt together in several places, to wit: Bagshot, in Surrey, Salisbury, in Wiltshire, Hampstead, in Middlesex, and elsewhere, to the amount of $2000*l*. and upwards."—The rest of the bill is in the ordinary form for a partnership account. Our authority goes on to state that it was reported as scandalous and impertinent; that the solicitors were attached and fined, and that Jonathan Collins, Esq. who signed it, was compelled io pay the costs; that the plaintiff was executed at Tyburn in 1730, the defendant at Maidstone in 1735, and Wreatcock, one of the solicitors, convicted of robbing Dr. Lancaster in 1735, and transported.

An Apology. When John Clerk (Lord Eldon) was at the bar, he was remarked for the *sang froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that "he was *surprised* at such a decision!" This was construed into contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar the next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal—"I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his *ignorance*. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done, curse me if he would be supprised at *any* thing you did."

Starving Jurors. We have always considered this requisition of the common law as a barbarous relic of antiquity, which should be scouted from our jurisprudence. What is the value of an opinion extorted from the fainting and exhausted energies of nature? It is a mean, contemptible appeal to a man, to address his mind and conscience through the medium of his stomach, to say nothing of the inhumnaity of compelling him, through fear of starvation, to stifle the operations of conscience and act in opposition to his settled convictions of propriety. If a Juror should die from the effects of hunger, what cognizance should be taken of this murder? If a jailor should starve a felon under sentence of death, he would be hung for it, but it seems there is no harm in starving a Juror. Judges frequently hesitate in the formation of their opinion for weeks, but who ever heard of a proposal to imprison or starve a Judge until he decided a cause. Judges too, where the Courts are so constituted, are allowed to differ, and the majority governs—but jurymen are not permitted to differ or hesitate. It is high time a regulation, so absurd in principle and cruel in practice, should be done away.

Raliegh Register

A DEATERIOUS EVASION.

The Doctor was just on the very last stair
Tow'rds the room of his son, when of damsels a pair
Escap'd by the opposite door:
Whilst the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)
He began most intensely to pore,

When the Doctor beheld him, cried he, overjoy'd,
"To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employed,
Your affectionate father much pleases;
But what are you reading?—your Blackstone?"—
"Why, no Sir,
I was only beguiling an hour or so, Sir;"
"But with what?"—"Why, some *Fugitive Pieces*!"

THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

The family name of Madame de Genlis, was St. Aubin, and she was born near Autun, in 1746. She inherited no fortune; but as she grew up, she was distinguished for her general talents and accomplishments, (especially that of music,) and a handsome person. These qualifications soon obtained her admission into the first company,— She had also many admirers; but chance decided her lot so far as related to marriage. A letter which she had written to one of her acquaintance fell into the hands of the Count de Genlis, a young nobleman of considerable fortune, and a good family, who was so charmed with the style, that he aspired to the acquaintance, and afterwards became the husband of the fair writer. By means of this union, Madame de Genlis had access to the family of the Duke of Orleans, whose son, then Duke de Chartres, had a rising family, which he determined to place under the care of Madame de Genlis for their instruction; and this scheme was put in practice in 1782. Meantime the Count de Genlis had accompanied General Lafayette to assist the Americans in their war against England, and shortly afterwards the reports became prevalent relative to an alleged *liason* between Madame de Genlis and the Duke de Chartres, which were subsequently strengthened into a general belief by the mysterious appearance of an adopted daughter, afterwards known by the name of Pamela. This foundling was educated with the children of the Duke, and experienced all the care of the most affectionate mother from the Countess de Genlis.

It was during her engagement as preceptress of the Duke de Chartres's children that Madame de Genlis began her career as a writer, by her works on education, which were soon found in the hands of all the fashionable mothers of families. "The Theatre of Education," "Adela and Theodore," "The Evenings at the Castle," and the "Annals of Virtue," of the Countess de Genlis, were the most popular, and certainly among the most excellent works ever produced of their kind. But Madame de Genlis's ambition was not to be satisfied by the production of works on education merely, and the good people of Paris were soon astonished to see a religious work proceed from the Palais Royal, the object of which was to prove that religion is the basis of all happiness and of all philosophy. It was soon discovered, however, that this work was a sort of compilation. The works of the Abbe Gauchat on religion had furnished materials, the Abbe Lamourette had arranged them, and the Countess had added the Notes merely. She soon afterwards wrote another religious work, and began a controversy with the philosophers; but the conduct of this lady when the revolution began, gives great reason to doubt whether she was ever either sincere or serious.

The part that the Orleans faction played at the beginning of the revolution, is well known; and Madame de Genlis is charged, perhaps, most unjustly, with having been an active agent, if not one of the contrivers of the plots of that faction. It is certain that she was particularly intimate with Petion and Barrere: the one, the principal instrument in the attack on the Palace of Louis XVI.; and the other one of the most intimate friends of Robespierre.

In 1791 she resigned the situation of governess to the Duke of Orleans' children; but she shortly after resumed it in consequence of Mademoiselle d'Orleans being dangerously ill. She, however, stipulated that she would immediately depart for England with her pupil. Accordingly, in October, 1791, she visited that country, and resided three months at Bath, nine months at Bury St. Edmunds, and made a tour through various parts of the kingdom.

In September, 1792, Madame de Genlis was desired to return to Paris without delay, a decree against emigrants having been passed by the convention, to which decree the absence of the Duke's daughter would render her amenable. Madame de Genlis accordingly returned and resigned her charge; but, on the following day, she and her pupil were declared to be emigrants, and were ordered to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, and France without delay. Madame de Genlis now determined to reside in England, but was entreated by the Duke of Orleans to accompany his daughter to Tournay, and stay till he could engage a proper person to take the place of governess. To this Madame de Genlis consented. It was at Tournay that Pamela, her adopted daughter, was married to the unfortunate brother of the Duke of Leinster, who afterwards lost his life in the Irish rebellion. Circumstances prevented the Duke of Orleans from procuring another governess for his daughter, and she therefore remained under the care of Madame de Genlis. When the Austrians re-conquered Flanders, Madame de Genlis withdrew with her pupil to Switzerland, and wished to settle at Zug, where they were joined by the Duke de Chartres; but the magistrates of the town would not permit their stay; and General Montesquiou, who had emigrated to Bremgarten, provided for these exiled and wandering females, an asylum in the Convent of St. Clair. The Princess of Orleans shortly afterwards quitted Madame de Genlis, and went to reside under the care of her aunt, the Princess of Conti, who, at that period, resided at Fribourgh.

Madame de Genlis herself quitted the Convent of St. Clair, in May, 1794, and went to Altona, whence she removed to Hamburg, where there were great numbers of emigrants, many of them persons whom she had formerly known, but who avoided her company. She might therefore have remained there solitary amidst crowds of her compatriots, had she not drawn down upon herself the anger of Monsieur Rivarol, an emigrant well known for his wit and sarcastic humor. She next retired to a farm-house at Silk, Holstein, where she wrote her works entitled "The Knights of the Swan," "Rash Vows," "The Rival Mothers," and "The Little Emigrants." She also published "A Refutation of the Calumnies which had been heaped upon her for her conduct during the Revolution."

In the year 1800, Madame de Genlis obtained leave to return to France, and Napoleon gave her apartments in the arsenal, and a pension. Since that period her pen has been constantly active.— Her works are as numerous as those of Voltaire. The "Theatre of Education," is considered much the best of them. All, however, are written in a very graceful style, with much ingenuity, and display an active mind and an elegant fancy.

Ever since the return of Louis Philippe of Orleans (the present king) to France, after the restoration of the Bourbons, great kindness had been shown to this accomplished writer by his family, up to the last moment of her life. She died at Paris, on the 21st of December, 1830, at the age of 84 years.

STEPHEN DECATUR.

Stephen Decatur, a celebrated American Naval officer, was born January 5, 1779, on the eastern shore of Maryland, whither his parents had retired while the British were in Philadelphia. He entered the American Navy in March, 1798, and was soon promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. While at Syracuse, attached to the squadron of Commodore Preble, he was first informed of the American frigate Philadelphia, when in pursuing a Tripolitan corsair, run on a rock about four and a half miles from Tripoli, and was taken by the Tripolitans, and towed into the harbor. Lieutenant Decatur conceived the project of attempting her re-capture or destruction. He selected for this purpose, a ketch, and manned her with 70 volunteers. Feb. 16, 1804, at 7 o'clock at night, he entered the harbor of Tripoli, boarded the frigate, though she had all her guns mounted and charged and was lying within half gun-shot of the bashaw's castle, and of his principal battery. Two Tripolitan cruisers were lying within two cable's length on the starboard quarter, and several gun-boats within half gun-shot on the starboard bow, and all the batteries on shore were opened upon the assailants. Decatur set fire to the frigate and continued alongside until her destruction was certain. For this exploit, the American congress voted him thanks and a sword, and the President immediately sent him a captaincy. The next spring it being resolved to make an attack on Tripoli, Commodore Preble equipped 6 gun-boats and two bombards, formed them into two divisions, and gave the command of one of them to Captain Decatur. The enemy's gun-boats were moored along the mouth of the harbor, under the batteries and within musket shot. Capt. Decatur determined to board the enemy's eastern division, consisting of nine. He boarded in his own boat, and carried two of the enemy's boats in succession. When he boarded the second boat, he immediately attacked the commander, who was his superior in size and strength; and, his sword being broken, he seized the Turk, when a violent scuffle ensued. The Turk threw him, and drew a dirk for the purpose of stabbing him, when Decatur, having a small pistol in his right pocket, took hold of it, and turned it as well as he could, so as to take effect upon his antagonist, cocked it, fired through his pocket, and killed him. When Commodore Preble was superceded in the command of the squadron, he gave the frigate Constitution to Decatur, who was afterwards removed to the Congress; and returned home in her when peace was concluded with Tripoli. He succeeded Commodore Barron in the command of the Chesapeake, after the attack made upon her by the British man-of-war Leopard. He was afterwards transferred to the frigate United States. In the war with Great Britain and the United States, while commanding the frigate United States, he fell in (Oct. 25, 1812,) with the Macedonian, mounting 49 carriage guns, one of the finest of the British vessels of her class, and captured her after an engagement of an hour and a half. When Capt. Carden, the commander of the Macedonian, tendered him his sword, he observed that he could not think of taking the sword of an officer who had defended his ship so gallantly, but should be happy to take him by the hand. In a letter written five days after the capture, he says, "I need not tell you that I have done every thing in my power to soothe and console Captain Carden; for really, one half the pleasure of this little victory is destroyed in witnessing the mortification of a brave man, who deserved success quite as much as we did who obtained it." In Jan. 1814, Commodore Decatur, in the United States, with his prize the Macedonian, then equipped as an American frigate, was blockaded at New London by a British squadron greatly superior in force. A challenge which he sent to the commander of the British squadron, Sir Thomas Hardy, offering to meet two of the British frigates with his two ships was declined. In January, 1815, he attempted to set sail from New-York, which was blockaded by four British ships; but the frigate under his command, the President, was injured in passing the bar, and was captured by the whole squadron, after having maintained a running fight of 2 hours and a half with one of the frigates, Endymion, which was dismantled and silenced.

After the conclusion of peace, he was restored to his country in 1815. The conduct of the Barbary powers, and of Algiers in particular, having been insulting to the United States, on the ratification of peace with Great Britain, war was declared against Algiers, and a squadron was fitted out under the command of Commodore Decatur; for the purpose of obtaining redress. In the spring of 1815, he set sail, and June 17, off Cape de Gatt, captured an Algerine frigate, after a running fight of 25 minutes, in which the famous admiral Rais Hammida, who had long been the terror of the Mediterranean sea, fell. The American squadron arrived at Algiers, June 28. In less than 48 hours, Decatur terrified the regency into his own terms, which were, mainly, that no tribute should ever be required by Algiers, from the United States of America; that all Americans in slavery should be given up without ransom; that compensation should be made for American property seized; that all citizens of the United States, taken in war, should be treated as prisoners of war are by other nations, and not as slaves, but held subject to an exchange without ransom. After concluding this treaty, he proceeded to Tunis, where he obtained indemnity for the outrages exercised or permitted by the bashaw. Thence he went to Tripoli, where he made a similar demand with like success, and procured the release of 10 captives, Danes and Neapolitans. He arrived in the United States Nov. 12, 1815, was subsequently appointed one of the board of navy commissioners, and was residing at Washington, in that capacity, when he was killed in a duel with Commodore Barron, March 22, 1820, occasioned by his animadversions on the conduct of the latter. Courage, sagacity, energy, self-possession, and a high sense of honor, were the characteristic traits of Decatur. From his boyhood he was remarkable for qualities which presage eminence in naval warfare. He enjoyed the sea as his element.— He possessed an active, muscular frame, a quick penetrating eye, and a bold, adventurous, and ambitious spirit.

MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

Though Napoleon is now as quiet as his forefathers, yet all that relates to him belongs to the most stirring period of modern history, and his crimes and qualities will form the topic and the lesson of many a generation yet to come. De Bourrienne's Memoirs of him are undoubtedly the most curious book that has appeared relative to this wonder of the nineteenth century. How much of it is exaggeration, or direct falsehood, rests with the writer; though we can readily conceive that de Bourrienne, who himself was a partaker in the crimes and profits of the Napoleon time, must have suppressed a great deal, and *embellished* a great deal more. But where his story tells *against* the hero of his idolatry, we may believe him, for there he is a *reluctant* witness, and his fancy is forced to succumb to his facts. The horrid murder of the Duc d'Enghien has been denied and doubted, and flung from Talleyrand to Savary, and from Savary to half a dozen heads besides. But de Bourrienne fixes it directly on Napoleon, by the fact that the unfortunate Bourbon's grave was dug before his trial, and almost at the moment of his arrival in Paris!

"On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no —that there was only my room and the council chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard. I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards.— His apartment not being yet sufficiently warmed, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighborhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. But the question betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognized the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution.— The prince hastened to bed; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council chamber. I was not present at this examination; but when it was concluded he returned to his chamber, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm and said 'Are they going to put me into a dungeon?'—The rest is known."

This was the declaration which Harrel, one of the culprits, made to de Bourrienne.

Saturday Bulletin.

From the London Court Journal.

Symptoms, Moral, Literary, Political and Personal.

SYMPTOM I.

When you meet a friend about five o'clock, near his own house, and he stands gossipping with you at the street door, without knocking, take it as a *symptom* you are not wanted to dinner.

SYMPTOM II.

When you drop in for *half* an hour's chat at a friend's house in the evening, and your friend looks at his watch after you have been there *two* hours, while his wife packs up her needle-work with a yawn, observing, 'Well, I think it is time to give over for to-night," it is an infallible *symptom* you are a bore, and that the sooner you export yourself the better.

SYMPTOM III.

If you are doing the amiable at an evening party, and in the midst of it are selected to make one at a rubber of whist, it is a *symptom* there are younger persons in the room whom the ladies cannot spare so well as yourself.

SYMPTOM IV.

If you are travelling outside of a stage, and when you stop for dinner, the porter brings a ladder for you to descend, consider his civility as a decided *symptom* (whatever you may think of yourself) that *he* thinks you are a gentleman who has arrived at a time of life not favorable to agility.

SYMPTOM V.

When a rascally Jew boy importunately offers to sell you a pair of spectacles as a bargain, you may conclude it is a *symptom* there is something in your appearance which denotes the father of a family, in spite of whatever the tailor may have done to dress you like your youngest son.

SYMPTOM VI.

If you have become a convert to the virtues of bear's grease, it is a *symptom* you may begin to admire high foreheads, and talk of the moral advantages of phrenology, when the bumps that denote interesting qualities in our friends can be discovered at a glance.

SYMPTOM VII.

If you meet a gentleman and lady, the gentleman looking vacantly serious, as if thinking of nothing—the lady placidly careless, as if perfectly satisfied—depend upon it these are *symptoms* of

being man and wife, and that the husband has consented to a walk, though he would rather leave it alone, while the wife is pleased to find he is attentive as ever. But when you meet a lady and gentleman in very earnest discourse, the gentleman talking much, the lady listening with downcast eyes, it is the *symptom* of an affair in progress, which will probably end in going to church or in producing good reasons for going there.

THE LATE JOHN ABERNETHY, ESQ. F. R. S. &c.

This once eminent surgeon, whose death has been announced, is said to have been born in the year 1764; he was consequently in his 67th year. His birth place is disputed, the sister kingdoms Scotland and Ireland, each laying claim to it; by the former it is stated to have been at a small town called Abernethy, within a few miles of Perth; by the latter he is said to have been a native of Derry and a descendant of John Abernethy, the Presbyterian Divine, author of "*Discourse on the Divine Attributes.*" Be this however as it may—for he is himself said not to have known where he was born—it is well known that he was shortly after that event a resident in London where his parents had taken up their abode. After imbibing the elementary principles of grammatical and classical instruction at a day-school in Lothbury, he was apprenticed to the late Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Blick, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under whose auspices he pursued his studies to great advantage. Thus early in his career of life he is said to have indulged in those eccentricites of manner which distinguished him in after life. Much of Doctor Abernethy's celebrity, backed as it undoubtedly was by great professional skill, may be said to be owing to this circumstance. About this period he is said to have attended the lectures in the habit of a groom—a garb not then, as it has since been, so commonly worn by the higher grades of society—which acquired for him the appellation of "The Hostler;" notwithstanding which, and his oddities in conversation and behaviour, he is said to have made himself practically conversant with his profession; and, without exhibiting any thing like uncommon attainments, he excited expectations which have not been disappointed. He was so fortunate as to be the pupil, and afterwards the friend, of the celebrated John Hunter, whose lectures, in 1773, when a mere boy, he sedulously attended. In 1780 he commenced his studies at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and on the resignation of Mr. Pott, became assistant surgeon in that Institution, and afterwards succeeded that gentleman as Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery.

Soon after Mr. Abernethy appeared as an author, and published "Surgical Observations," and "Lectures Explanatory of Mr. Hunter's opinions of the Vital Process," with a Hunterian Oration, giving a farther account of Mr. Hunter's labors and character. He also wrote for "Dr. Ree's Cyclopedia," the anatomical and physiological articles included under the letters A. & B. On Dr. Marshall relinquishing his popular lectures in Travie's Inn, Mr. A.'s class increased, as did his practice. He was some time Professor of Anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons. In his essay, he published an account of cases in which he had tied the external iliac artery for aneurism, a bold and meritorious operation. This improvement in the science established his fame, and added to the credit of the English school of surgery throughout Europe. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by the fame of Mr. Abernethy, advanced rapidly, and was esteemed as the first in the metropolis.

On the death of his former master, Sir Charles Blick, Mr. A. was elected surgeon in his room—and was at one time considered as the best lecturer on anatomy, surgery, and pathology in London. He was ever zealous in impressing on the minds of his pupils that the education of a surgeon is never complete, but that his whole life should be a course of study. He was opposed to the division of surgery into distinct departments, as oculist, aurist, &c. as he considered the whole as essentially connected, and that no man properly educated could be ignorant of the diseases which those divisions embrace. Mr. A. was one of the court of assistants of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one of the Curators of their Museum; he was also an honorary member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburg, and of the Medical Societies of Paris and Philadelphia.

From the Boston Transcript.

SCENE—*A Parlor; Mother and three Daughters Sewing—A loud rap is heard at the door—Enter a Pedlar with two Tin Trunks—Without farther Ceremony he displays their Contents.*

Oh, ma'm! says a daughter, this is a beautiful ring! What handsome gold earrings! cries another. Buy me them beads! cries the third. Silence, girls, and let me examine the articles first. After putting on her spectacles, the following conversation ensues.

Mrs. Sharp. Is this ere ring goold?

Pedlar. Yes, ma'm, it is the raal jewellers goold.

Mrs. S. I don't know any thing about your jewellers goold. Is it the raal goold?

Pedlar. Yes ma'm; I will warrant it the best kind.

Mrs. S. Will you warrant it; that's enough: what do you ask?

Pedlar. Why, I generally get two dollars; but you may have it for $1,75.

Mrs. S. I can get 'em cheaper than that at the stores; they don't ask but $1 for the same kind.

Pedlar. It's impossible; they cannot be raal goold; but I am a great way from home, and want to sell; you may take it, but it cost me more.

Mrs. S. Now I'll give you 75 cents.

Pedlar. That's too cheap; it cost me exactly that: say 80 cents; I want to make a little profit.

Mrs. S. No, 75 cents is the most I can give, and I don't want it at *that price*, unless you'll take some old *silver spoons.*

Pedlar. Silver, you know, is very low now—but if I can make a trade with you I'll take what you have.

Mrs. S. Well, here are some good thick ones;—what will you give for them and pay me in your articles?

Pedlar. (Taking them in his hand.) Here is about 7 ounces; new silver is worth half a dollar an ounce—but old is not worth near so much. I suppose I can allow you about two dollars for the lot, but that's a great price for such kind of silver.

Enter Farmer Sharp.

Farmer. Wife, what does this fellow want?

Mrs. S. Don't speak so harsh, my dear; you will offend the gentleman; he is purchasing these old spoons—they are of no use to us you know.

Farmer S. Have I not told you to keep clear of these prowling miscreants? Fellow! pack up your trumpery and be off, and beware how I catch you within my territories again.

Pedlar and trumpery vanish—the girls sulk—the Farmer looks sour—Dame Sharp throws the spoons into the cupboard, and the door closes upon rieupes bleek as thunder.

VARIETY.

Love's Vagaries. In some, love may be said to rage like Hecla. We all know how a poor tailor died for love of Queen Elizabeth; another unhappy wight bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, now Princess of Hamburg, and got into the palace to pay his respects to her Royal Highness; his name was Spong, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hairdresser. But such is the fate of this sort of love, the teaser was unluckily pronounced insane. And again in the preceding year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy looking man, about 33 years of age, a native of Shaftesbury, unfortunately fell in love with the Princess Royal of England, the late Dowager Queen of Wurtemburg. He said the Queen stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two shilling gallery at the theatre; but Dr. Monroe, who knew less about love than lunacy, considered the business, and poor Stone was sent to Bedlam. Thus we see that even royalty is no bar to the tender passion, for "love has twenty pair of eyes!" Who dare venture to state after this? on the other hand, many young maidens have not died for love of some or all of the Royal Dukes. These ladies, like the gentle Viola, "never tell their love, but let the cankering worm hasten them to the grave;" and here, in the other sex, we are reminded of Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, who wrote his life and confessions. He was a male Viola, for he "let concealment like a worm," &c.; but he shall speak for himself. "Perhaps there is not a human being, but, sooner or later, in some degree, feels the passion of love. I was struck with a girl, watched her whenever I could, and peeped through the chink of the windows at night. She lay near my heart eleven years; but I never spoke to her in my whole life, nor was she apprised of my passion!" Such is the force of this passion, that it will tend to turn day into night; witness the following:—A few years ago, a lady, who had resolved "never to see the light of day again" from some matrimonial disappointment, lived shut up in darkness—for years she had only a lamp or candle burning—in Charter house street; and this lady rigidly kept her maiden vow, to the very great benefit of her tallow-chandler. Oh! the love! this love!

London paper.

Strange Method of Catching the Tortoise. The extraordinary mode of catching the Tortoise, is by means of a fish of the genus Echeneis. In 1809 when Mr. H. Salt was at Mozambique, having received a present of one of these fish, the inhabitants assured him that they were wont to employ it by fastening it with a cord to a boat, and that it fixed itself by the head on the first turtle it met, with so much force that the latter could not escape.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.

The remora or Sucking Fish, is used for catching other fish, as recorded by several authors. On consulting one of our memorandum books to refresh our memory, we found the following, which may amuse our readers:—"The Indians of Jamaica and Cuba, (says Oviedo) go a fishing with the Remora, or sucking-fish, which they employ as falconers employ hawks. The fish which is not above a span in length, is kept for the purpose and regularly fed. The owner, on a calm morning, carries it out to sea, secured to his canoe by a small but strong line, many fathoms in length, and the moment the creature sees a fish in the water, though at a great distance, it darts away with the swiftness of an arrow, and soon fastens upon it. The Indian, in the meantime, loosens and lets go the line, which is provided with a buoy that keeps on the surface of the sea, and serves to mark out the course the Remora has taken, and he pursues it in his canoe, till he perceives his game to be nearly run down. He then, taking up the buoy, gradually draws the line toward the shore, the Remora still adhering with inflexible tenacity to his prey; and it is with great difficulty made to quit his hold. By this method, adds Oviedo, I have known a turtle caught, of bulk and weight that no single man could support."

Edward's West Indies.

Byron tells us that he had a great antipathy to seeing women eat. The South Sea Islanders, however, carry their aversion much farther—at least if we are to believe the following extract from "Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits," given in the Quarterly Review:—"Our gallant officers were not a little disappointed to find that the ladies were excluded from the table. Indeed the Pitcairn Islanders appear to have adopted (though not in all its rigor) the South Sea prejudice against allowing a woman to eat in the presence of her husband. In some parts of the Archipelago this crime is punishable by death. The only thing like an argument by which the men defended the custom was, that as the male was made first, he ought on all occasions to be served first—a new reading of the saying, "first come first served." The good natured womankind of Pitcairn's Island, however, seemed far from considering themselves neglected or ill used in this matter, for they remained behind the seats, flapping away the flies, and chattering with their guests."

La Fayette. The following simple and interesting letter addressed to our venerable fellow citizen, Gen. Samuel Smith, by the illustrious La Fayette, has been handed to us for publication for the purpose of explaining the reason why the response to the address of the people of Baltimore to the French people, has not been received here. *Balt. Repub.*

"La Grange, 26th April, 1831.

My dear friend. I have reasons to fear my acknowledgments and those of the Prefect de la Seine for the great celebration in Baltimore in October last, the address to the people of France, and Mr. Wirt's speech on the occasion, have not reached you. My regret would be the greater, as the high sense of public French gratitude united in my heart with the feelings of an American patriot, and the particular devotion that binds me to the beloved City of Baltimore. Upon you, my dear General, I depend to do and say every thing that is proper, grateful and affectionate in the case such as it will be when you receive my letter.—Miscarriages that may have taken place are not to be attributed to the service of the packets, which is admirably done, but to the bustle of officers at the Hotel de Ville and elsewhere, the consequence of which I would much lament.

This letter will be delivered by General Bernard, who will inform you of the state of affairs on this side of the Atlantic.

Remember me very affectionately to family and friends, and believe me forever,

Your most affectionate Brother Soldier,

LAFAYETTE.

General Samuel Smith, Baltimore.

How to teach Children to Tease. Children are taught to teaze, very much as they are taught to cry. With all his little wants, real or imaginary, the child runs to its mother. They are matters of importance to him. He wants a definite and decisive answer,—one which will settle the question; and his mind will be on the rack till he has it. It is not in the nature of the child to feel otherwise. He will have no peace himself, and will therefore give his mother no peace, till he understands and knows that the point is settled, and how it is settled. If you give him no answer till he has spoken ten times, he will speak ten times; and then if he has any reason to suspect that speaking twenty times more will obtain an answer more favorable to his wishes, he will speak twenty times more. And this will soon grow into a habit. But give him an answer the first time he speaks, and he will not be obliged to speak a second time to obtain one; and never alter your decision for his teazing, and he will soon give it up, as of no use. If you have leisure, and occasion seems a proper one, you may let him argue his case before you decide it, but not afterwards. Indeed, if he has learned by experience that your decisions are final he will seldom, if ever, attempt it. He will consider an answer as an answer. His mind will be at rest on that point, and soon find something else, with which to amuse himself.

Vermont Chronicle.

Death of Quick, the Comedian. The celebrated Quick died at his residence at Islington, whither he had retired many years back, last week, in the 84th year of his age. He was known among the *Quidnuncs* of the village, and up to the last day of his life almost was a constant frequenter of the King's Head, opposite the church, where he was always recognised as President, being supported in his office by the wealthy Mr. Laycock, Mr. Flower, and other respectable residents, who good naturedly listened to his nine times told tales, and submitted with deference to his dogmas. Quick was a humorist of the old school, and was contemporaneous with Suett, Bannister, Lewis, and other favorite comedians of times gone by. Among other anecdotes told of him, and strongly illustrative of his character, was the following: At the funeral of Mrs. Maddocks he was one of the mourners, and after the poor old lady had been deposited in her narrow house, and the parson had retired, Quick and others pressed forward to have a last peep at her coffin. Quick being nearest the grave, was within an inch of being shoved in with the falling clay, when, in great alarm, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, for God's sake don't bury the Quick with the dead!" A hit so palpaple could not be missed, and a general clap, quite in character, closed the ceremony, with as fine an effect as the military salute over the grave of a soldier.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MOSAIC HISTORY

Of the Creation of the World, illustrated by Discoveries and Experiments derived from the present enlightened state of Science: with reflections, intended to promote vital and practical religion. By Thomas Wood, A. M.

First American, from the second London edition, revised and improved by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, A. M. professor of Languages, Augusta College, Ky.

"Every man has a particular train of thought into which his mind falls, when at leisure, from the impressions and ideas that occasionally excite it; and if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is surely that which regards the phenomena of nature, with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author."—Bacon.

THIS work, which is now presented to the public, has not been reprinted in America heretofore, notwithstanding it passed through *two* editions in England with honorable approbation, in a short space of time. This first American edition, it is confidently believed, will be received with approbation; because the work will be found, on perusal, to answer to its title; and surely no subject can interest the Christian and intelligent reader more deeply, than the *illustration of the creation of the world, as recorded by Moses, the servant of God.*

The character of this volume is neither purely scientific, nor purely devotional; but both wisely and happily combined, under the high and direct sanction of revelation.

Chap. I. On the Creation of the World.
Chap. II. First Day.
Sec. I. Chaos.
Sec. II. Fire.
Sec. III. Light.
Sec. IV. Day and Night.
Chap. III. Second Day. On the Atmosphere.
Chap. IV. Third Day.
Sec. I. The Sea.
Sec. II. The Earth.
Sec. III. Minerals.
Chap. V. Fourth Day.
Sec. I. The Sun.
Sec. II. The Moon.
Sec. III. The Seasons.
Sec. IV. The Planets and Fixed Stars.
Chap. VI. Fifth Day.
Sec. I. Fishes.
Sec. II. On Fowls.
Chap. VII. Sixth Day.
Sec. I. On Quadrupeds and Reptiles.
Sec. II. Man.

The improvements, which are mentioned in the title-page, have been added to the American edition, with design to adapt the work more nearly to the wants of the American public. They are found incorporated in the body of the volume, in smaller type, and enclosed in brackets; which was judged to be the best method.

These additional papers are written at some length, principally on topics which have become more prominent since our Author finished his work, and which are now exciting intense interest in this country. They are, therefore considered to be real and interesting improvements to the American edition.

☞ The above work will be published with as little delay as possible. Persons at a distance will be able to procure the work immediately after its publication, by leaving their orders with any bookseller in any part of the United States.

M'ELRATH & BANGS,
June 11. 85 Chatham-street.

ACADEMY
AT 214 BROADWAY.

J. F. BRAGG having taken for a term of years, the dwelling part of the house adjoining the Chemical Bank, which contains a large and airy school room—begs to apprise his friends of the change of situation, and also to state, that he attends *sedulously* and *perseveringly in person*, to every branch of instruction common to Classical, French, and English Schools. He wishes to be the more precise in this statement, because he has reason to suppose, that the fact of his making a great display of penmanship at his door, has impressed many with a belief, that he devotes his attention exclusively to that object. He has forborne to reiterate his appeals to the public for patronage, and to his old friends for that support, which they afforded to him so liberally for many years, from an increasing aversion to that species of ostentatious pretension, which has grown so common, as to render it in many instances the clearest possible indication of utter incapacity for any thing else than variety of PUFFING. Many of his pupils rank amongst the best *Arithmeticians and Book Keepers in the city* as well as first rate penmen: he teaches, with particular pains, that sort of calculation which prepares youths for the most dexterous practical application of their knowledge. He respectfully solicits more encouragement as a teacher than he has recently had. His rooms are remarkably pleasant and airy, and he believes that his earnest exertions and *systematic* yet various methods of drawing forth latent capacity, will be found to merit it.

June 2d, 1831. tf.

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A FEMALE PARTNER, by a Man of unexceptionable habits, not rich, but possessed of a good business—does not wish to mingle much in company, and he takes this method, and will accept proposals until suited. The candidate must state her conditions and circumstances in life, and must be a healthful, chaste person, of cheerful disposition, and of age between 20 and 40 years, and understand housekeeping. Communications in the hand writing of the person, with real name, and place and time named for interview, will meet with prompt attention, and implicit confidence may be relied on. Address Mr. Caress, New York, through the Post Office. 3* June 25

CHAIR BEDSTEAD.

WILLIAMS HOODLEY has for some time past applied himself to the production of a Bedstead which shall apply to all the purposes and conveniences of the sick and infirm, in the best possible manner and with the least cost. This he has accomplished, and now offers the result to the public. Several eminent surgeons and physicians of this city have examined this Bedstead and their certificate of approbation is given below, in which a description is contained. These Bedsteads may be had at his Bedstead Warehouse, No 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New York, where the public generally, and the medical profession in particular, are invited to call and examine them. The present prices are from 16 to 20 dollars including a good hair mattress.

CERTIFICATE.—New-York, *February*, 1831.—The undersigned having examined a bedstead, invented for the benefit of the sick, constructed by Williams Hoodley, cannot but express their gratification at the invention, and their opinion that it is the best calculated for the comfort and convenience of the sick of any they have ever examined, being capable of being converted from a bedstead into a chair, and again restored to the state of a bedstead without incommoding the patient. From its simplicity, cheapness and facility in use, they consider it as well calculated both for hospitals and families:

Valentine Mott, M. D.	John Baxter, M. D.
D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D.	John C. Cheesman, M. D.
David L. Rogers, M. D.	Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D.
Peter C. Tappan, M. D.	F. U. Johnston, M. D.
William M. Ireland, M. D.	David Rossack, M. D.

PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.—Williams Hoodley newly invented and improved bedsteads, adapted to the situation and means of all classes, manufactured and sold by the proprietor, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, New York. His Second Bedstead, adapted to, and enclosed within various kinds of furniture, such as sideboards, tables, book cases, writing desks, bureaus, sofas, settees, &c. as well as store counters, will be furnished to order, at different prices—from 15 to 75 dollars, according to the style of workmanship and materials used; all which he will warrant free from the inconvenience attached to the press bedsteads heretofore in use, in that they are readily and expeditiously arranged for either purpose and no ways liable to bugs as is fully attested by all those who have them in use.

W. W. has also applied his improvement in tightening the sacking, to the common post bedsteads, which render them decidedly superior to any that have been made. Of these he has constantly on hand a large assortment, and can supply orders for either the highest or best French, or low-post kind, of various materials and workmanship, and at different prices—from 7 to 35 dollars.

Also, an improved Cot Bedstead, very suitable for public houses—price, 4 to 6 dollars.

SOFA BEDSTEADS.—Of this article he has a variety, viz: full finished Parlor Sofa Bedsteads, from 50 to 80 dollars; Settees, &c. suitable for dining rooms, nurseries, stores, Steamboats, &c. from 15 to 40 dollars. These articles (Sofa Bedsteads) the committee of Cabinet Makers, at the late fair in New-York, have especially recommended as being constructed on the best principle and on an excellent plan. They included also, for Counter and Side-board Bedsteads, and likewise the ordinary four Post Bedsteads, all of which are first rate premium articles.

All orders for any of the above articles will be punctually attended to. WILLIAMS HOODLEY

March 22.

SATIN BEAVER HAT MANUFACTORY, NO. 61 CANAL-STREET, N. Y.

THOMAS SIMMS respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he continues to supply orders to any amount for his inimitable Satin Beaver Hats. T. S. also takes pleasure in announcing to the public, his newly invented Porous Hat, an extensive supply of which will soon be ready for the Spring Trade. The component structure of these Hats is such as gives them the admirable quality of passing off the hot and feverish vapor which is constantly emitted from the head, particularly in warm weather. Every one who has felt the oppressive sensation of the brain, owing to this heated vapor being confined in the ordinary Hat, will readily appreciate the ease and comfort they will derive in wearing the Porous Hat during the warm season. It is acknowledged by all eminent physicians that the keeping the head in a cool temperature, contributes very essentially to health; and it affords a high degree of satisfaction to the inventor of the Porous Hats, to know that his discovery will promote so desirable an object. This hat is not the less durable on account of its porous and ventillating qualities, and though it is elastic, light, and elegant of form, yet it will endure and preserve its shape equal to any other kind.

☞All orders will be thankfully received and attended to with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

A CARD.

MR. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES.

or,

MICHAEL FISHER, JOSEPH DANILSON, } Trustees.

Terms of tuition, $2 per quarter.

N. B. Board can be obtained at $1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th.

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray sts. May 28

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No 337 Hudson street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front, one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket,	$0 25
eight do.	1 50
forty do.	5 00
100 do. viz. 40 gentlemen, 20 ladies, and 20 children,	10 00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and preparing every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WILLIAM M. THORP

New-York, May 7, 1831 1y

NEW WASHINGTON BATH

No 32 Fourth Street, between Washington Square and Sixth Avenue.

DANIEL H. WEED

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that the above establishment is now open, fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It is supplied with *pure spring water*, and clean furniture. An accommodating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Weed.—Those inclined to visit it are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets	25 cents
5 do	$1 00
15 do	2 50
35 do	5 00

New York, June, 1831. 3m

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar translucent appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discernin public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very generous as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentleman with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleansed of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumboils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth."

No. 5 Chambers street.

NEW YORK, October, 1830.

REAL ESTATE BROKERAGE—AMERICAN, FOREIGN, GENERAL AGENCY, AND COMMISSION OFFICE,

No. 37 Nassau-st. (up stairs,) New-York City.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that in addition to their City business, they have opened an Office, of the above description, in the City of New-York, which will be of great benefit and much advantage to those who need the aid of Agents or Brokers. Having been engaged in this business for the last Eight Years, and having formed general acquaintance at home and abroad, afford them greater advantages than other land agents, as Emigrants, Foreigners, Capitalists and Speculators always favor the subscribers with a first call.

All Editors of newspapers favorable to this undertaking, shall have their business attended to gratis, at any time, by inserting this circular and forwarding a paper containing the same.

Communications on business (post paid) addressed to the subscribers, will meet with immediate and due attention.

Our office is now open and we and our attendants prepared to attend the following business:—

☞Purchase, sell, barter, rent and lease Landed property of every description, farms, dairies, plantations, gold, silver, lead, iron, coal, and other mines, building lots, houses, manufactories, &c. &c.

Purchase, sell and exchange, bank, canal, rail road and other stock.

Purchase and sell merchandize, and personal estate of every description.

Borrow and loan money on bond and mortgage or unincumbered real estate.

Act as Agents in forming companies of Capitalists, or find partners for individuals to embark in any kind of business, and to put in operation gold, and other mines, &c.

Act as Attorneys' agents in claiming of inheritances, legacies, and settling of estates, also collecting and remitting all manner of debts and dues, &c. &c.

Information and intelligence on any subject or business (at home or abroad) received and forwarded throughout the Union (confidentially.)

Books and Records of county, state, and government offices, perused and searched, and the required information forwarded to such applicant.

Information given respecting the arrival and departure of packet ships, and other vessels—steam and canal packets, and boats—mail, accommodation and express stages, and all other modes of conveyance, their distances for running, routes, accommodations, price of fare, &c. by land or water—also, all other more any information for travellers and strangers to be in possession of—writing, drafting and conveyancing, in all its branches, attended with neatness, correctness, and immediate despatch.

A register of public and private boarding houses, their terms, accommodations, &c. is kept at this office.

Situations in Mercantile, Manufacturing, and other establishments, as partners, book keepers, salesmen, general and assistant clerks, barkeepers, teachers, collectors, agents, and in all other capacities, procured and secured for applicants.

N. B. Business, in all its various branches, [throughout the Union, adjoining Territories, Canada, Europe, &c.] attended to by the subscribers, and by the assistance of their regular, authorized, and appointed agents and correspondents. Also bear in mind, unquestionable references can be given, if required, as to public and private character, ability, &c. of the subscribers.

P. S. All persons forwarding communications respecting Real Estate offered for sale, barter, lease, (or to be given on bond and mortgage) will recollect, it is indispensably necessary to forward a correct description of the premises; also, a draft or plan, (if possible,) stating location, situation, quantity, quality, divisions, improvements, distance from cities, towns, manufactories, post roads, navigable streams, value, price, and terms, &c.—also inclose an advance fee. Postage paid.—Charges will be regulated according to the amount and nature of the business.

☞All first applications to be accompanied with a consulting and retaining Fee of Five Dollars.—No letters, (in any case) will be taken from the Post Office, unless postage is paid.—All communications to be addressed Everitt & Co. Real Estate Brokers, and Gen. Agents, No. 37 Nassau-st (up stairs,) New-York. 6i

PARTNER WANTED.

A PARTNER is wanted in an Eating and Refreshment House, located in the most busy part of the city, and well established, having a first rate run of business, and can give satisfactory evidence of its being profitable. The reason why a Partner is wanted, is merely as an assistant.

Any person desirous of engaging in the above business, who can give satisfactory reference, and has $800 at command, may address B. C. through the Post Office, stating where an interview may be had, will be attended to.

CALL & OBRIEN,

Musical Instrument Makers, corner of Walker and Elm streets, (near Broadway,) New York.

PATENT and all other Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, Fifes, Bassoons, and all other Wind Instruments always on hand, and made to order.

N. B. Musical Instruments of every description, repaired in the neatest manner. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

MAHOGANY.—Logs of Mahogany and every description of sawed Stuff suitable for Cabinet Makers and Carpenters, for sale at *E. HOUGHTON'S* Mahogany Yard, No. 90 Walker street, New York, on such terms as will make it an inducement for all who use the articles to call. Also, Turned and Carved Work.

N. B.—Logs will be sold at a small advance on auction prices; and an arrangement has been made with one of the best mahogany sawyers, to have mahogany sawed at the shortest notice, and on liberal terms.

CABINET FURNITURE.

J. D. HALSTEAD, 209 Hudson street, offers for sale a general assortment of Cabinet Furniture at the lowest cash prices. April 30.

LIVERY STABLE,

661 BROADWAY.

A. BROWER informs his friends and the public, that he can supply them with Horses and Carriages of any description at short notice, and on very reasonable terms. m26 6m

TO PRINTERS.—BRUCE, PELOUZE, & Co. take the liberty of apprising the printers that they are establishing a Foundry at No. 216 William street, for the manufacture of Printing Types, and trust from their long experience as *workmen* in the various branches of the business, to merit a share of their confidence and support. In calling the attention of the printers to their establishment, they are aware that they have to contend with the disappointed expectations of many who have so liberally patronized some of the late established Foundries; but in some measure to counteract the effect of this increasing prejudice, they assure the Printers that every article they exhibit is the production of their own talents and labor, and that every thing shown has been *expressly cut* and prepared for this Foundry.

The daily complaints which are made of some of the late manufactured type in this city, clearly shows the fallacy of endeavoring to grasp and combine the various branches of Typography with that of Type Founding, and proves that excellence alone depends upon a *practical knowledge as workmen*, and an undivided attention to a business which requires such peculiar accuracy in itself, without any additional complication. The proprietors of this establishment confine themselves solely to the manufacture of types.

Their knowledge of the qualities of type metal now in general use in all the reputable Foundries in the Union, has been gathered through an employment in most of them, and an acquaintance with all. This, together with a composition of their own introduction, and warranted to emit no deleterious properties in the hands of the compositor, the Printers are requested to call and examine and compare.

They have all the book sizes in a state of preparation, among which they have completed two numbers of long primer, specimens of which are ready for presentation at the Foundry. Bell's Printers' Furniture, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. &c. and Rust's Presses furnished to order. Also D. Wells' ornamental and plain job letter. Their prices are uniform with the other Foundries, and the terms of sale as accommodating as any. Old type taken in exchange at a fair valuation of its quality. June 18

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

New-York.

Albany, Little & Cummings, Booksellers.
Auburn, Henry Oliphant.
Ballston, Joel Lee, P. M.
Catskill, Dubois & Van Dyck.
Delhi, George Marvine.
Ithica, A. B. Clark.
Lodi, G. N. Star.
Malone, J. G. Clayton.
Newburgh, Charles U. Cushman.
Rome, E. P. Moon.
Saugerties, J. Russell, P. M.
Schenectady, T. J. Sutherland.
Troy, Clark & Hosford, Booksellers.

Pennsylvania.

Butler, John Bredin.
Franklin, James A. Stephens & Co
Germantown, P. R. Freas & Co.
Gettysburg, Robert W. Middleton.
Lancaster, Thomas Feran.
Tamaqua, Abraham Rex, P. M.

Ohio.

Cambridge, John Hersh, Jr.
Delaware, Wm. Millikan & Co.
Norwalk, Preston & Buckingham.
Painesville, E. D. Howe.
Sandusky City, E. & J. H. Brown.
Jefferson, Lewis B. Edwards.

Indiana.

Richmond, Nelson Boon.

Kentucky.

Flemingsburg, John C. Mullay.

New-Jersey.

New-Brunswick, Reuben Ayres.

North Carolina.

Greensborough, William Swaim.
Lexington, D. B. Rounsaville.

Georgia.

Augusta, A. H. Pamberton.

Alabama.

Mobile, Charles Thomes.

Tennessee.

Clarkesville, F. J. Batson.

Maine.

Norway, William E. Goodnow.
Portland, Samuel Coleman, Bookseller.

New Hampshire.

Charlestown, Webber & Bowman.
Portsmouth, N. March, Bookseller.

Massachusetts.

Barnstable, S. B. Phinney.
Haverhill, Robbins & Harris.
Lowell, Thomas Billings.
Middle Granville, F. G. Baker.
Salem, W. & S. B. Ives.
Taunton, Joseph L. Lord, P. M.

Connecticut.

Hebron, J. B. & D. Lord.
New-London, J. Geo. Harris.

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of *ten per cent.*